



THE

Tatler

SUMMERTIME LIVING *number*

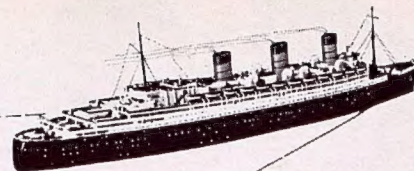
& Bystander 2s. weekly 1 June 1960



*June's for
eating out all over*

There's a summer place . . .

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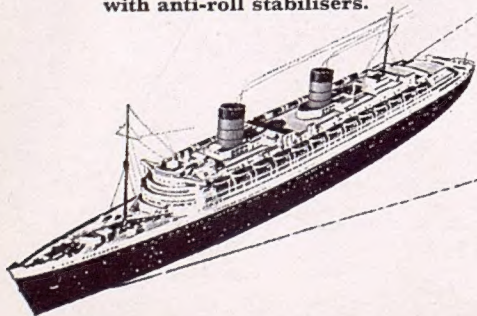
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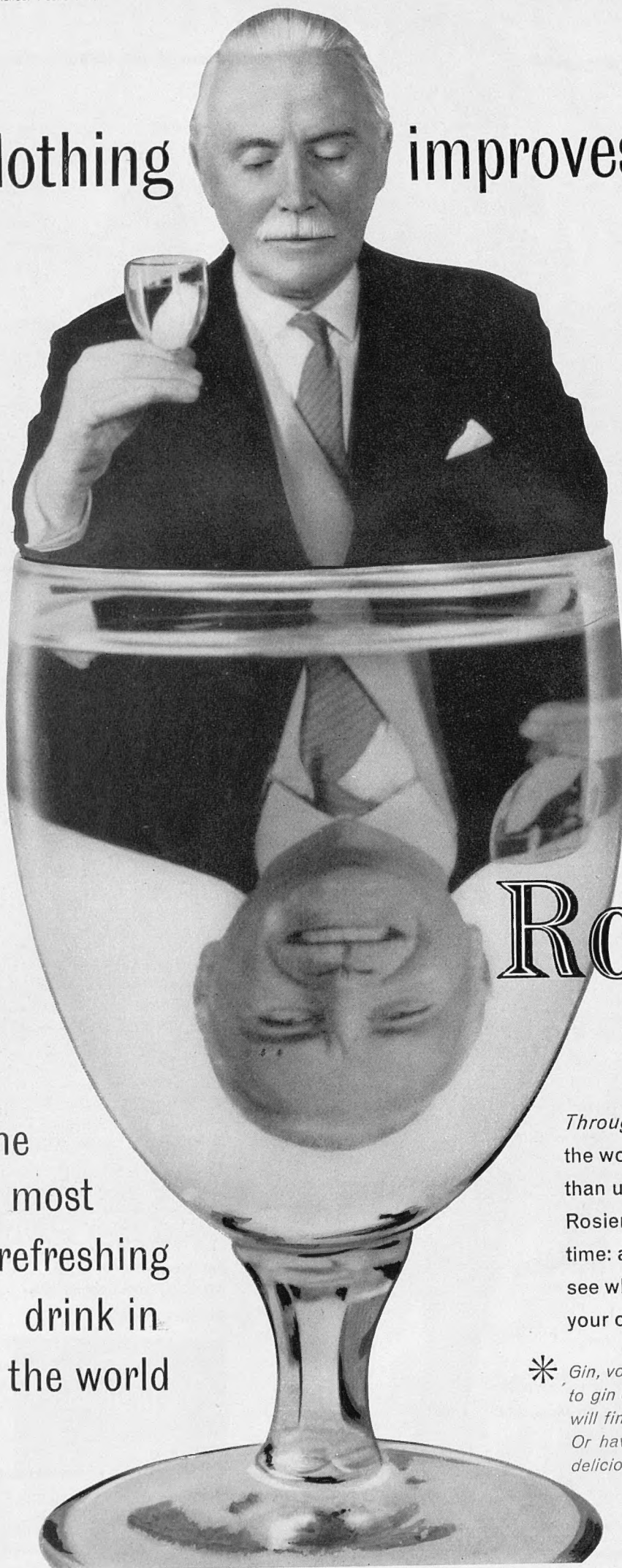
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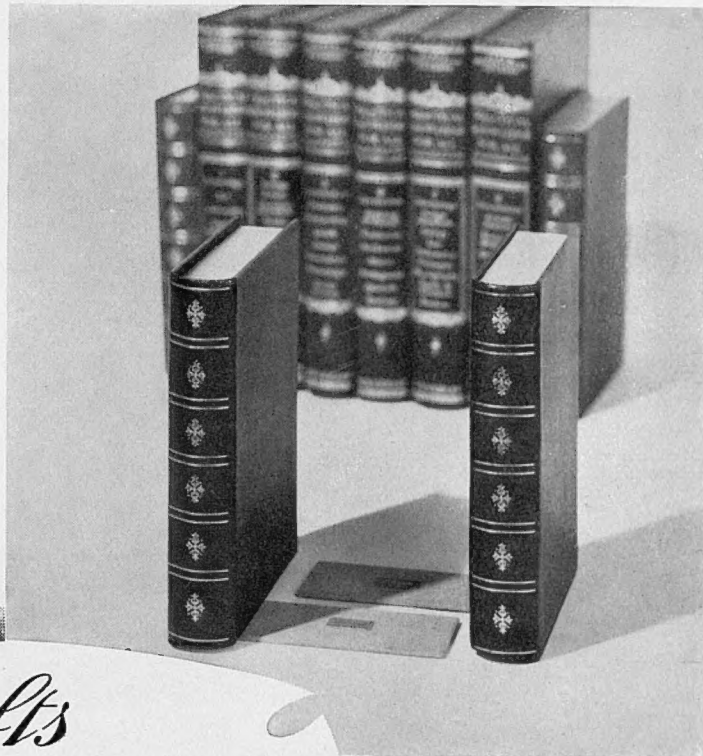
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drink in
the world

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your outlook.*

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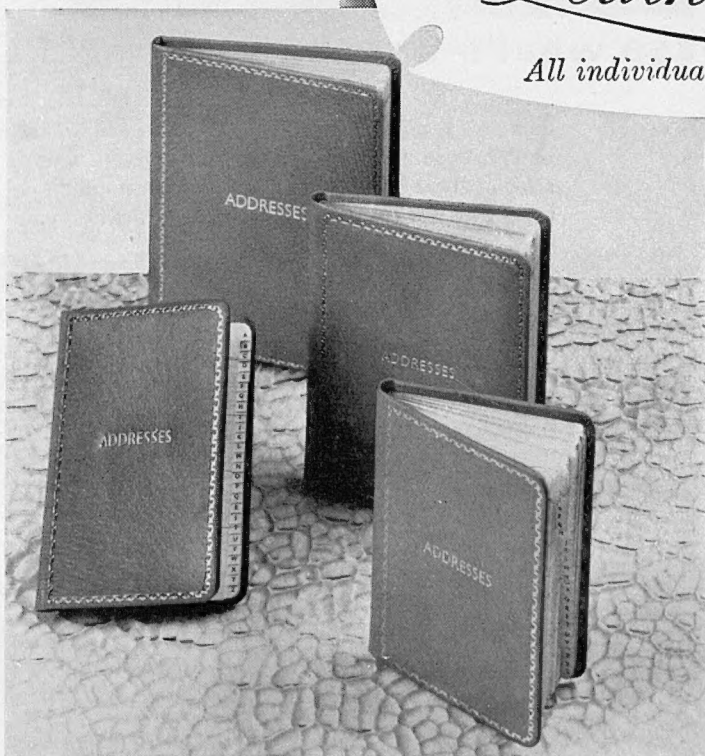
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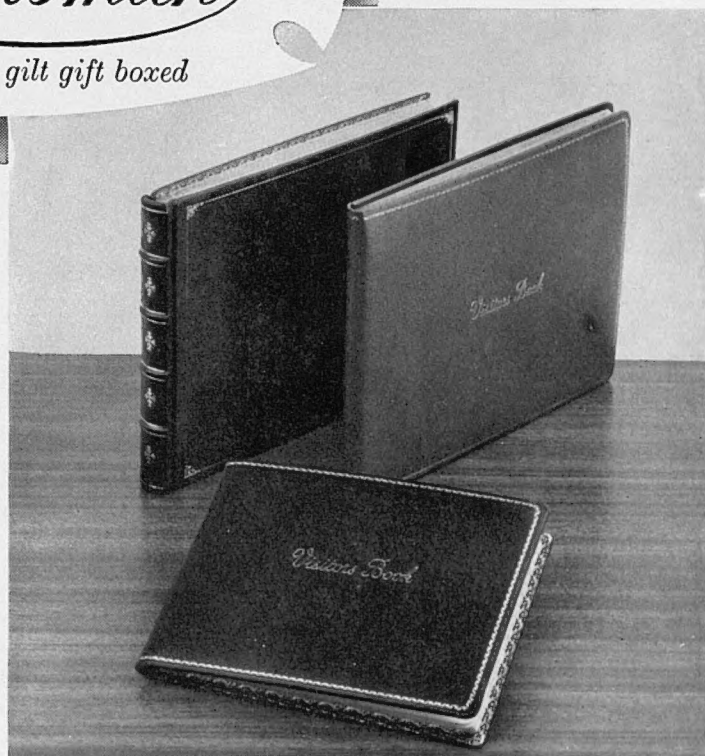
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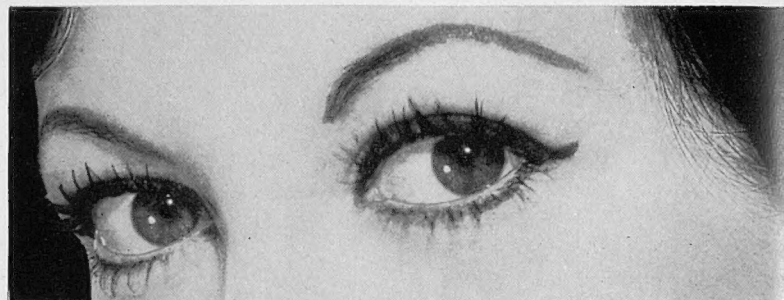


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Left: Italian ormolu candelabra with opaline glass lilies. One of an elegant pair: £75 the pair. Sheraton mahogany writing table of unusual design, circa 1780. The top is hinged to lift up and form a book rest. £175.

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F M



Summertime Living number

Volume CCXXXVI Number 3066

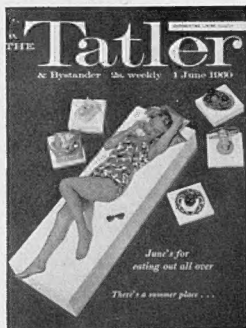
1 JUNE 1960

	Page
GOING PLACES:	
<i>Social dates</i>	484
<i>Taking the car</i> by Doone Beal	484
<i>Where to eat</i> by John Baker White	486
SOCIAL NEWS & PICTURES	489
LORD KILBRACKEN	495
FEATURES:	
<i>June's for eating out all over</i>	
photographed by Priscilla Conran	496
<i>Perugia's Palazzo of the Nations</i>	
photographed by Gerti Deutsch	502
<i>A garden by the Thames</i>	
photographed by Alan Vines	506
<i>Don't just be polite to the tourist</i>	
by Claud Cockburn	513
HUNTER SPY: <i>First you need a lawn</i>	
by Ilse Gray	508
BEAUTY by Elizabeth Williamson	510
FASHION: <i>There's a summer place</i>	
photographed by David Olins	514
PREDICTS:	
<i>on plays</i> by Anthony Cookman	522
<i>on films</i> by Elspeth Grant	523
<i>on books</i> by Siriol Hugh-Jones	524
<i>on records</i> by Gerald Lascelles	527
<i>on galleries</i> by Alan Roberts	528
PHOTOGRAPHING by Gordon Wilkins	532

Classified announcements begin on page 535

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WHILE (AND IF) THE SUN SHINES



The ultimate in summertime living is floating around in cool water with all your things to hand on Jablile Buoyancy Blocks. These are a form of lightweight plastic foam made by Jablo Plastics Industries Ltd. of Waddon, Croydon. The girl went aboard in the swimming pool of the Burford Bridge Hotel at Box Hill, Surrey, and just to be sure of keeping cool she took an electric fan (a 10 in. from Army & Navy Stores). Her swimsuit is from Harrods. Cover photograph by COLIN SHERBORNE

IF YOU LISTEN to the right met. man this may be the start of a run of summers almost as sunny as last year's. Something to do with the ice cap. So it's time to start changing some English traditions, like skulking indoors in the expectation of rain. Hence *June's for eating out all over*, in which Priscilla Conran presents some appetizing pictures of mealtimes out of doors round the clock (page 496 onwards). . . . In the same cause Alan Vines has photographed *A garden by the Thames*, to show how easily a heart can be lost in an English garden, even a small one in London. This one is of such attraction that it is opened to the public for a day or two every summer. It's the home of architect J. H. Benson and his mother Lady Violet Benson (page 506). . . . And talking about gardens, a revival may be coming for all those jolly games—croquet, jokari and so on—that nobody seems to have played for years. Sales are on the increase and so is the variety of games, as Ilse Gray reports in *First you need a lawn* (page 508). . . .

The outdoor theme continues in the fashion pages, which borrow their title from the current hit *There's a summer place*. David Olins took his camera down to Devon and photographed summer clothes on holiday on land and sea in and around Torquay (page 514 onwards). . . . Back in London, summertime is the time for tourists, and Claud Cockburn wonders whether we are living up to what they expect of us. He suggests that with a little imagination we could make the local colour a lot more colourful. As he puts it, *Don't just be polite to the tourist—thrill him* (page 513). . . . Would a Derby tip do for a start, perhaps? If so, Lord Kilbracken has several (page 495). . . . For young people a delightful and instructive kind of summertime living is a course at Perugia University, where the Italians obligingly subsidize a special college in a beautiful palazzo for foreigners who come to study their language. Gerti Deutsch has been to photograph the students and the life. See *Perugia's Palazzo of the Nations* (page 502 onwards). . . .

Next week: How antique can you get? . . . The Mikado entertains. . . . The hard way up. . . .

P.S. To readers who have inquired for copies of the Royal Wedding Souvenir Number (May 11) we can only offer our regrets. The issue was rapidly sold out, despite greatly increased printing. The only hope now is that an occasional copy may be found on a bookstall.

SOCIAL

4th of June Celebrations, Eton.

Richmond Horse Show Ball, 7 June, at the Showground. Tickets: 27s. 6d. from L. F. Lorkin, Horse Show Society, 42 Shaftesbury Road, Richmond, Surrey. (Horse Show 9 to 11 June.)

Trooping the Colour, 11 June at 11 a.m. (if wet 3 p.m.), on Horse Guards Parade.

Lady Crosfield's Tennis Exhibition Matches, 12 June, 2.30 p.m., 41 Highgate West Hill, N.6, in aid of National Playing Fields Association. Tickets: 35s. from Lady Crosfield.

Barbecue-Ball, 13 June, Hurlingham Club, in aid of Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution. Tickets: 2 gns. from Secretary, Autumn Days Fund, Agriculture House, S.W.1.

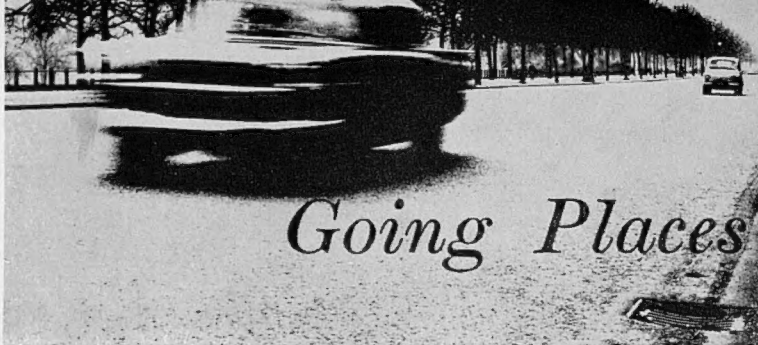
Ascot Royal Meeting, 14 to 17 June.

Cambridge May Balls: First & Third Trinity Boat Club, Clare College, Sidney Sussex College, 13 June; Pembroke College, Emmanuel College, St. John's College, St. Catharine's College, 14 June; King's College, 15 June.

SPORT & SHOWS

Racing: Epsom, The Derby, today; The Oaks, 3 June.

Cricket: South Africa v. Minor Counties (Stoke-on-Trent), 1 June; v. Glamorgan (Cardiff) 4 June;



Going Places

Test Match (Edgbaston), 9 June.

Croquet: Men's & Women's Championships, Roehampton Club. To 4 June.

National Gliding Week, Perranporth, Cornwall, Tebay Gill, Westmorland, Portmoak, Kinross-shire, to 6 June.

Bath & West Show, 1-4 June.

MUSICAL

Glyndebourne Opera Festival. To 16 August. I Puritani, Falstaff and (10 June) Der Rosenkavalier (WEL 1010).

Royal Festival Hall. Music of the 20th Century, "Present Thoughts," with the London Philharmonic Orchestra, 8 p.m. tonight; B.B.C. Light Music Festival, 7.30 p.m., 4 June; Victoria De Los Angeles, 8 p.m., 8 June. (WAT 3191.)

Sadler's Wells. Offenbach's Orpheus In The Underworld, 7.30 p.m., Saturdays, 2.30 p.m. To 11 June. (TER 1672-3.)

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, Piccadilly. To 16 August.

Sickert (paintings & drawings), Tate Gallery, S.W.1. To 19 June.

Jean Marchand (selected paintings), Crane Kalman Gallery, Brompton Road, S.W.3. To 18 June.

Portraits of Children, R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit Street, W.1. To 22 June.

FAIRS & EXHIBITIONS

Antique Dealers Fair, Grosvenor House, 8-23 June. (Preview 7 June.)

"The Restoration" Exhibition, National Book League, Albemarle St., to 22 July.

GARDENS

Open 2-7 p.m. Admission usually 1s.

Walpole House, Chiswick Mall, 4 June. (See page 506.)

Pendell House, Bletchingley, Surrey, 4 & 5 June.

Ramster, Chiddingfold, Surrey, 5 June.

FIRST NIGHTS

Regent's Park Open Air Theatre. The Tempest, 2 June.

Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. Tomorrow With Pictures. Tonight.

Vanbrugh Theatre (R.A.D.A.). The Good Woman Of Szechuan. 2 June.

Cambridge Theatre. Don't Shoot, We're English. 2 June.

Globe Theatre. A Lovely Light. 8 June.

THEATRE

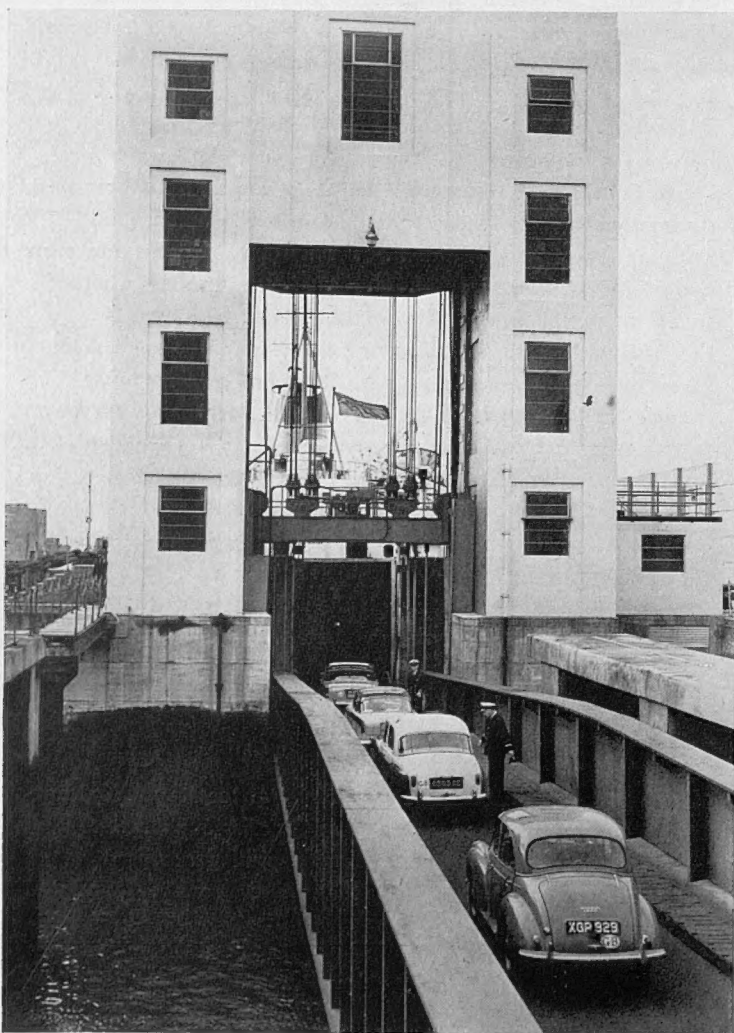
From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see p. 522.

Ross. "... this fine play ... Mr. Rattigan's sense of theatre works unfailingly. ... magnificent teamwork." Alec Guinness, Harry Andrews, Anthony Nicholls, Mark Dignam. (Theatre Royal, Haymarket. WHI 9832.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see p. 523.

Suddenly, Last Summer. "... masterly writing ... the acting is nothing short of brilliant ... falls short of its objective to make one's flesh creep." Katherine Hepburn, Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift. (Columbia Cinema, REG 5414.)



Cars driving on to S.S. Maid of Kent at Dover

Taking the car

by DOONE BEAL

ONE of the main joys of a motoring holiday is its vagabond freedom. But many people who like to feel that they can hurry or loiter as the spirit moves them are doubtful about how casual one dare be in booking hotel accommodation on the Continent, especially in southern Spain and in Italy. Of the two, I would say that you can risk leaving your search until later in the evening in Spain than you can in Italy. But in either place you will almost certainly find a bed, provided you don't expect to be shown the best bedroom, complete with private bath, at five minutes' notice.

Another point is that many people who write direct to certain hotels for accommodation—especially in July and August—are told that there are no rooms available. This is often because many hotels put blocks of bedrooms into the hands of travel agents, preferring not to risk the uncertainty of individual bookings from people who may not turn up. It is really more businesslike to book your room through a good travel agent;

it doesn't cost you any more, because the agents draw commission from the hotels, not from the private customers.

The Motorists' Travel Club (in association with Ashton & Mitchell) specialize in some of Europe's best hotels, every one personally vetted by them. In addition to individual tours for which they take charge of all your car and passenger tickets, insurance (personal, baggage and car), they also do some semi-freelance motoring holidays at an inclusive price. These prices are based on first-class hotel accommodation throughout, and depend on the size of the car. For example, 15 days in Spain, crossing Dover/Boulogne, via Perigueux, San Sebastian, Madrid, Valencia, Benicarlo, Barcelona, and returning by way of Avignon, Pontanevaux, Sens and Dover costs 60 gns. per person with a 13 ft. 6 in. car. This particular trip averages some 180 miles a day, but it can be modified. Special rates are quoted for children (depending on the accommodation

CONTINUED ON PAGE 486



*the name
of authority
in furs*

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GOING PLACES CONTINUED

required for them), and also for a guarantee of private bathrooms, at approximately 5 gns. extra. The price otherwise includes room, breakfast and evening meal at each hotel. In my opinion, it offers the best of two systems because you enjoy all the advantages of the cut hotel rates offered to the agency, without being part of any group or sacrificing much freedom of time and movement.

Another good plan, operated by Motours, telescopes the initial part of the journey by air, either to Munich or Nice. Self-drive cars are hired at either point, but must be returned to the alternative. This at first sounds somewhat restrictive—until you look at the map. Two of various suggestions are driving down from Munich via Lucerne, Geneva and Grenoble to Aix en Provence, and then slowly along the coast through Le Lavandou and St. Tropez to Nice; or drive from Nice along the Italian Riviera via Menton to Alassio, Portofino and the northern part of the Tuscan coast to Leghorn, striking inland via Florence to Venice, and up through Cortina, Millstatt and Salzburg to Munich. This second, longer trip would take 22 days, and the cost would be 65 gns. each for hire of a Volkswagen with unlimited mileage, the flight out and home (in a chartered Elizabethan), and a night's first-class accommodation at either end of the journey, including dinner and breakfast. In between the two points, you are entirely on your own. The scheme operates until October 1st.

For the resolute freelance there are some schemes for telescoping the initial part of the journey with your own car. British Railways transport cars from Ostend to Milan for £18 7s. 6d., first-class passengers £10 15s. single fare. Also to Munich: 12 gns. for the car, passengers £10 10s. (rates are for a car of 13 ft. 6 in.). French Railways operate a similar scheme from Boulogne to Lyons, but they quote only an inclusive rate of £32 return for both car and two passengers, including couchette. In addition, the car ferry cost to either Boulogne or Ostend is 5 gns., plus £1 17s. for each passenger, single fare.

Finally, something which is actually FREE! On the Tilbury/Gothenburg run, Swedish Lloyd transport cars free where there are four passengers, and offer a 25 per cent reduction on a car load of three. You are two nights at sea, and the passenger fares are from £17 10s. first class, and from £11 10s. second class, single fares. Gothenburg is an excellent base from which to cross over into Norway, or to tour Sweden itself. The roads are almost universally excellent, and by southern European standards they are not crowded.



by JOHN BAKER WHITE

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

Leoni's Quo Vadis Restaurant, 26 Dean Street, W.1. (GER 9585.) Open on Sundays for dinner only. Pepino Leoni, who opened this restaurant in 1926, is still his own head waiter, with his son Raffaello on his staff. He is also his own *chef de cuisine*. Few restaurants in Soho have more special dishes, and Leoni will gladly give you the recipes to try out at home. Prices are most reasonable. W.B.

The Shires, St. Pancras Station. In a corner of one of London's few remaining massive examples of Victoriana is this bright, modern restaurant. I have had breakfast in it at 7.30 a.m. and supper just before 11 p.m. Both were good. Sensible dishes, wines in quarter bottles or by the glass. The service will not make you miss your train. The Shires is proof that railway catering is on the up-grade.

Grininger Stuberl, 39 Albemarle Street, W.1. (HYD 9776.) C.S. If you wish to read your evening paper in solitude, this should not be your choice. But if you have a cheerful companion or companions, like rich Viennese food and the music that goes with it, it should. You can imagine for an hour or so that you are closer to the Danube than the Thames. For those interested in unusual wines the dry Austrians are worth trying. W.B.

The Gay Hussar, 2 Greek Street. (GER 0973.) C.S. This small restaurant has the best Hungarian cooking in London. There are also Hungarian wines and a brandy rather like *slivovic*. The goulash is the real thing, and so is the filling sweet pepper omelette. In the tradition of Budapest the *gâteaux* are rich and good.

On the road to Carcassonne

Albi. Take N 20 to Limoges, then to Tulle, Figeac and on to Albi to discover one of the better routes to Carcassonne and beyond. At Albi the *famille Rieux* make you very welcome at the historic Hostellerie Grand St. Antoine, and you must try the local wines. In Albi there is a cathedral and palace—both in rose-red brick (*son et lumière*) and the world's finest single collection of pictures by Toulouse-Lautrec. It is worth staying at least two nights.

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THE TATLER
& BYSTANDER
1 JUNE 1960

CONCERT AT CLAYDON



Major and Mrs. Ralph Verney opened their beautiful 18th-century Buckinghamshire home for the first of a series of summer evening concerts held in the great Saloon, part of a remarkable suite of baroque and rococo rooms built by the second Earl of Verney. Guests were received with cocktails before the concert and supper was served during the interval. Ron Appelbe took the picture above and those overleaf

Wine glass on a rococo mantelpiece . . .



the authentic flavour of an evening at Claydon

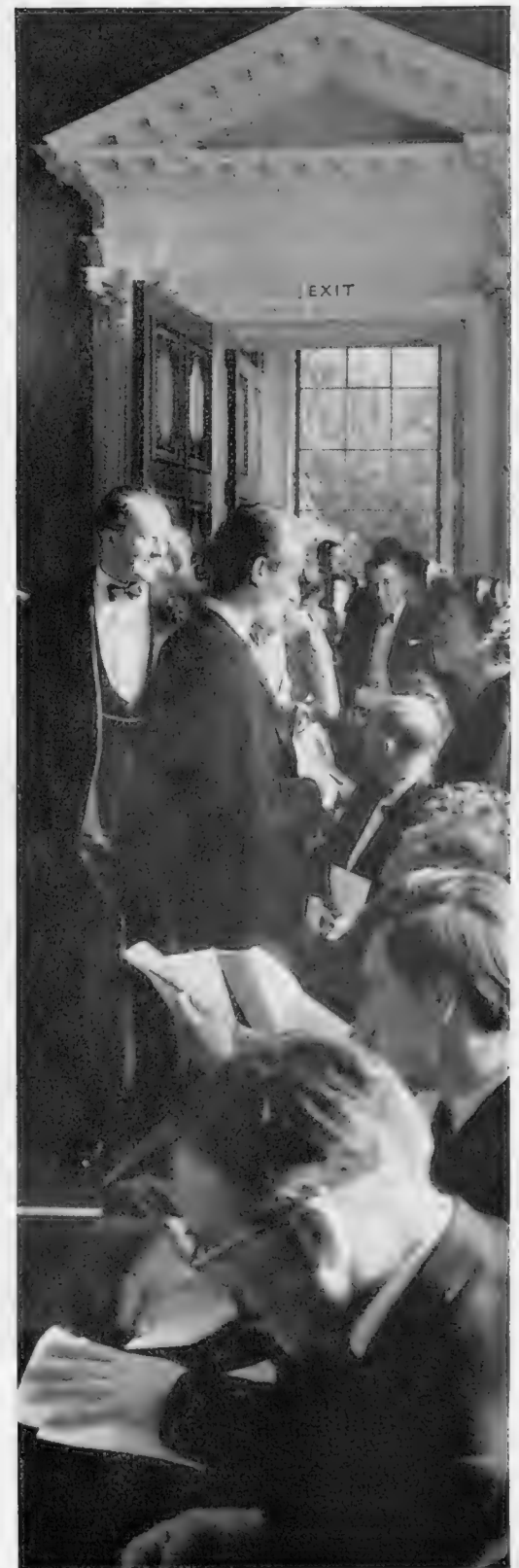


Verneys have lived in Buckinghamshire for more than 700 years. The family home, Claydon House, was built in 1620 though the present aspect dates from the 18th century when the 2nd Earl of Verney redesigned the façade and added the remarkable series of baroque and rococo suites newly redecorated by the National Trust and the Historic Buildings Council. The house contains many galleries and alcoves like the one (left) where Miss Angela Richards and Miss Marjorie Strachey sat during the interval. Above left: Mr. Stanley Lawson, Mr. George Mikell, Mr. Basil Storrs and Norwegian opera singer Mrs. Sinding strolled in the grounds of the house. There are 7,000 acres of park and gardens. Above: Mr. Ralph Verney, Claydon's owner, and guests. Above, right: Lady (Charlotte) Bonham-Carter with Mrs. Ralph Verney, herself a distinguished pianist and harpsichordist



CONCERT AT CLAYDON

continued



The concert was held in the great saloon (above) with its superb plaster ceiling and coffered coves picked out in white and delicate pastel shades. The rococo decoration of the suite of staterooms was carved by Lightfoot and is the only known work by this craftsman. Guests dined in the North Hall (left) during the interval and later toured the house, visiting the Nightingale Museum. There is a family connection through Parthenope, Lady Verney, editor of the Verney papers and sister of Florence Nightingale who often stayed at Claydon House. Right: The London critics attended in some force to hear Gerard Souzay sing songs by Schubert, Schumann, Fauré, Poulenc and Ravel. Audience reaction was enthusiastic and tickets for the Sunday concerts and recitals at Claydon House are already sold out until the end of the series in early July



MURIEL BOWEN

Dancers in a garden

It's fun to potter about with the idea of a summer dance in a beautiful, floodlit garden. Better still to get on with the dance and lose no sleep wondering what the weather will get up to. That is precisely what **Sir Aubrey & Lady-Burke** did last week for the coming out of their third daughter, Melanie. But then Sir Aubrey at any rate is used to taking on more than the weather. It's his firm, de Havilland, which built the Comet.

The party was at Ramster, Chiddingfold, home of the **Hon. Lady Norman** who is Lady Burke's mother. Young guests, hundreds of them, were piped from the coaches which brought them from London to the great oak door where the Burkes waited to receive. Once in the garden they were able to swing to the intoxicating rhythm of calypsos played by the gay-shirted and rather portly wandering minstrels. The dance floor had been laid in the rose garden by the floodlit, 1,000-year-old oak.

There was a cold nip in the air so it wasn't the night for walking round the rare azaleas or pausing to look at the red and pink rhododendron blossoms. Which was a pity because Lady Norman was born with gardening in her fingertips. She's one of the

Aberconways whose way with flowers and especially shrubs has brought them fame. She cultivates her own seeds with the care and thought that the late Aga Khan put into breeding racehorses.

Miss **Meriel Burke**, a débutante in 1955, and her sister **Miranda**, who came out in 1958, had their own dinner parties in London beforehand, then came on to the dance with their guests. Miss **Christabel Carlisle**, Miss **Allegra Kent Taylor**, and Miss **Patricia Wagner** also brought their own dinner parties. "That's what has so changed since my day," observed Lady Burke. "The mammas always gave the dinner parties and then escorted their guests along to the dance. Now the young do everything themselves." There were precious few mammas around—**Lady Holland**, **Mrs. John Trethowan**, and **Lady Home** were the only ones to be seen. It was a young peoples' dance. Hope of invitations among the older generation was firmly quashed by the Burkes, the few who were invited were there (whether they knew it or not!) to augment the chauffeur pool.

SUNSHINE HARBOUR

Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft and her committee didn't have Lady Norman's gorgeous garden for the British-Italian Society Ball, but they worked wonders with the Savoy. They turned a windowless reception room in the basement into an Italian fisherman's cove. A setting (synthetic) sun cast a radiant glow on a raftful of pretty girls and Their Excellencies, the Ambassadors of Italy and Spain, **Count Vittorio Zoppi** and the **Marqués de Santa Cruz**. They sat at tables topped by red and white gingham cloths and lit by candles stuck in champagne bottles. Anchors were lowered in carpet joinings, and beach musicians strolled round pillars hung with fishing nets dotted with corks and some hefty lifebelts.

Joining in all this revelry were **Lord Hastings**, **Lady Pamela Hicks** (in blue satin and looking so very attractive), **Lord & Lady St. Oswald**, and **Prince & Princess Weikersheim**, she wore the most exquisite diamond tiara as a necklace. "I think the decorations are all most imaginative and amusing, the

committee has done very well indeed," said **Lord Colyton** who knows Italy well. He was Deputy High Commissioner there at the end of the war. **Lady Colyton** was there, too. Before her marriage in 1956 she had an impressive legal practice in the United States. She hasn't much time for it now, but she still practises a bit, her husband told me.

Seven thousand carnations had been flown from San Remo and for those who wanted to see a bit more of them there was the chance of two air trips to the Italian resort—among raffle prizes. "We get some Americans in San Remo but the English are by far our best customers," said **Signor Gismondi**, the city's mayor and local m.p., who was also at the ball. Outside the Savoy the rain spattered on the pavement. But it would have taken a pretty high (synthetic or real) surf to drown spirits in the Fisherman's Cove.

HANGING COMMITTEE

There was no getting away from lamp standards at the England Ball (a fundraiser for the Council for the Preservation of Rural England) held at Grosvenor House. **Wing Comdr. Robert Grant-Ferries**, M.P., started it. With a country constituency in Cheshire and an estate in Gloucestershire he's got quite a stake in rural England. He told me that some of the worst blots on the countryside today are the lamp standards that are being put up. "The old-fashioned wrought iron lamp standard was one of the glories of England. . . . I can't see why they don't stick to it," the Wing Comdr. told me. Then, not putting too fine a point on it, he added that the fine arts people who approved the new standards should be hanged.

The **Duke of Norfolk**, who is the council's president, wasn't so outspoken, naturally. But he was no less indignant. "Lamp standards are not a minor matter," he told me. "We're trying to stop the most awful monstrosities from being put up." Who would have thought that a *Tory* Government in Whitehall should not have realized in advance that all this expensive pushing of electricity to remote rural parts was in the last resort going to mean more new lamp standards. One of these days the Minister of



Steel bands and calypso singers serenaded Princess Margaret and Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones in Port of Spain, Trinidad, second port of call on their honeymoon cruise. They return on 18 June

The Queen as patron of the Royal Horticultural Society toured the Chelsea Flower Show on the eve of the official opening. She was accompanied by her uncle, the Hon. Sir David Bowes-Lyon, president of the R.H.S.



Agriculture, Mr. John Hare, is going to discover that the English love their lamp standards almost as much as they do their animals. But not everybody at the dance was so splendidly in touch with the furrows. Most of them were content to enjoy a good dinner, and an even better tombola. There was applause for Mrs. G. Langley-Taylor who has run the ball for the past 10 years raising over £10,000 for the council. She was given a memento.

OPERATION TIDWORTH

Down at Tidworth (Hants) the Army staged a Three-Day Horse Trials organized with all the slick efficiency of a military operation. Miss Susan Fleet won the Civilian Section with The Gladiator and Miss Helen Whit came second on Counting House, a horse we should hear much more about. One interesting feature of these events is the succession of good women riders they bring to the fore. One explanation is that they have more time to spend on training their horses. And incidentally while I was at Tidworth I heard that Miss Anelli Drummond-Hay, first of the British contingent at Badminton, has sold her beautifully trained Perhaps to Switzerland. He's now a Swiss Olympic possibility.

The second day at Tidworth with the cross-country course laid out along the wooded hills was the most exciting. Lt. Col. Frank Weldon, the Olympic horseman, made it all look easy on Mrs. J. A. Guinness's

Dapper which he was riding for a school, but there was the usual store of disaster. One rider careered past me with broken reins. Not so Lt. R. E. Curnock of the Queen's Own Hussars who was going with great dash when I saw him towards the end of the cross-country section on Alpine Princess, a versatile performer bred by the Royal Army Veterinary Corps in Germany. He came first in the Military Section, followed by Colour Sergeant J. Craddock of the Royal Marines on Landmark IV, a Government charger that has to cart about all sorts of riding material during the week.

Tidworth, which blossomed from a two-day to a three-day event this year, is meant as a stepping stone to Badminton. This it most certainly was, and Major Guy Wheeler of the Royal Scots Greys who ran it had obviously put a lot of time and trouble into the building of fences designed to encourage, rather than frighten, the "green" horse and rider.

On the second evening the Horse Trials Ball at Tidworth House was a lively affair with some spirited dancing and an artistic buffet which was the work of the chef of the 1st Battalion of the Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment. Brigadier the Hon. Gilbert Monckton, heir of Viscount Monckton of Brenchley, was there. He's got a nice sense of humour. The rose he wore in the buttonhole of his dinner jacket shot at intervals an unorthodox guided missile, a shapely leg with a fearsome stiletto-heeled red shoe! It was a Christmas present from his mother.

Dancing I saw Viscount Folkestone, Miss Jane Pontifex, Lt. Col. C. F. Woolnough, Brigadier Dick Hobson (he's recently taken a house near Tidworth so that he can go on playing polo there now that he has retired), and Major & Mrs. Pat Riall. Still more were Miss Susan FitzRoy, Miss Joanna Poett (daughter of Lt.-Gen. Sir Nigel Poett), Capt. & Mrs. Tim Thomas, and Mr. David Boag. On the final day of the Trials Lieut. Col. Hugh Davies who commands the Queen's Own Hussars, and Mrs. Davies received guests at a lunch party at the officers' mess. The reception was on the lawn with the scarlet-coated band playing beneath the chestnut trees.

Here I saw Major John Morrison, M.P., the Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Monckton, Lt. Col. Peter Jackson, who built the show jumping course, and his daughter, Elizabeth, Major & Mrs. Michael Dewey, Capt. & Mrs. David Pettifer (chic in pale lilac), and Col. & Mrs. "Babe" Moseley. The Queen Mother who is Colonel-in-Chief of the Queen's Own Hussars last year gave the regiment one of her ex-racehorses, Gipsy Love. "We shall be taking him to Germany when we go there later in the year," Col. Davies told me. "We'd like the German expert, Von Nagel, to have a look at his dressage." Capt. Michael Fraser who finished the course on him at Badminton despite a broken arm will not now have the chance of riding him again. This is a great pity as Capt. Fraser's quiet riding suited this very excitable horse. But while the regiment goes to Germany he's being posted to Cyprus.

BRIGGS by Graham





The Three-day Horse Trials run by the Army at Tidworth, Hampshire, provided a complete test of all-round horsemanship. They were divided into two sections with the civilian division won by Miss Susan Fleet (above) on The Gladiator, and the military by Lt. R. E. Curnock on Alpine Princess. Also at the trials were Miss Pauline Abell (above, left) tackling a jump on Ad Astra, Col. Gerald Critchley (left) holding Orlando IV while he is rubbed down after completing the roads test, and Mr. Kurt Dubrow (far left) sponging down Mr. Norman Kay's Easter Son before taking him over the cross-country course. Two competitors new to horse trials were Miss Penelope Walker (below) and Miss Belinda Loyd (below left). Miss Walker was at Cowfold earlier this year. Muriel Bowen reports the Army Horse Trials on page 493

*Three
field days
at Tidworth*



LORD KILBRACKEN:

Sure things for the Derby

It's Derby Day—for me, beyond doubt, the most exciting day's racing of the year, and it takes a very great deal to make me miss it. The Grand National has its thrills; Ascot may have fine horses and lovelier women; Cheltenham is its own special paradise (if the right horses win); and there are points in favour of Newbury, Newmarket, Punchestown and the Phoenix Park. But for my money nothing can touch Epsom where I intend to be today, for pure excitement, atmosphere, and the greatest race in the world.

My Derby Day has fallen into a routine, and I wouldn't have it otherwise. The first prerequisites, before leaving London, are a girl and a bottle of champagne. The champagne is for luck, and has to be dry. The girl is for company, and has to be pretty. She also has to understand about racing; that's to say, she mustn't expect me to be holding her hand all the time when there are more important things to do, like collecting "information" and placing bets.

First, kiss the girl. Then consume the champagne. Then put girl and self in a taxi and whizz to Victoria Station. I feel very strongly about this; driving to the course, though grand, is no fun at all. At Victoria there should be time to buy tickets, race-cards, the *Sporting Life*, all the evening papers, and two gin-and-tonics at the Golden Arrow bar, before catching one of those funny, dirty, rattling suburban trains, full of little men in raincoats reading *Timeform*, which seem to stop twenty or thirty times before reaching Epsom Downs.

From the station, you *can* take a taxi to the course, piling in with four or five others at "adollerrapiece." Apart from saving the dollar, I myself actually prefer, unless it's raining (which it never is), or there's a danger of missing the first race (which there almost always is), to walk the mile across the grassy slopes of the downs; in and out of the unexpected golf-course, its pocket-handkerchief greens roped off for the day, and past the band of disabled ex-Servicemen, who stand in a one-legged frieze across the skyline,

their trumpets blaring. It is *obligatory* to tip them, as any regular will tell you.

Derby Day is always a day of brilliant sunshine, with the first lovers expectantly in the grass and the skylarks being blithe spirits. So, by the time you reach Tatt's, you have cast discretion aside; and slung your jacket over your shoulder. (If you are one of the top-hat-and-morning-coat brigade, as I expect you are, you should at this stage be in the Jag, sweating—and cursing—in an impenetrable jam five miles from the course.)

Through the turnstiles, under the archway, and up the concrete steps. Even now, each Derby Day, my breath is taken away anew by the seething panorama which confronts me as I emerge into the sunshine of Tattersall's ring: the mass of humanity, perhaps 200,000 souls, who pack the rolling hills within the great U of the course, on the free side, with the chromium caravans and the roundabouts and the posters and the side-shows and the double-decker buses marked LADIES and GENTLEMEN in enormous letters. It is a scene, always on twice as big a scale as one remembered it, which somehow epitomizes England.

The preliminary races, hoping to make a fiver or two to have a *better* bet on the Derby. Climbing early into the stand to secure a good view of the race. The seemingly interminable delay before, at last, the parade begins; then the slow single file, their well-known colours shining, of Europe's finest thoroughbreds and greatest jockeys. They turn one by one and canter to the start; and again the delay seems unending as they make their way slowly up to the post, and as the roll is called. Then, at last, the white flag; they begin to move forward; and that incredible roar from downs and stands: "They're off!"

It is, of course, the most testing 12-furlong track in the world. The first half-mile, straight, and climbing to the top of the hill; then the long, long, left-hand turn downhill, ever steepening, ever tightening, to the ultimate crescendo of Tattenham Corner; and then the desperately long

straight, slanted abominably, downhill at first, and the short but brutal uphill finish, the final test of stamina which knocks out the last non-stayer. I can think of no more exciting moments than those which elapse between Tattenham Corner and the post—do you remember the year Nimbus won, for example, when they were laying "evens the field" *after* the race, which would probably have been judged a triple dead-heat if the photo-finish hadn't been invented?

After the Derby, the minor races are always an anti-climax. Either—if we're cleaned out—there's the slow walk back, broke, across the Downs, where the lovers, now, are kissing, and the skylarks are indifferent to the new condition of my overdraft; or—if we've won—a second bottle of bubbly, still sitting on the *Sporting Life* in the empty grandstand when the last race-goers have gone, and Tatt's, deserted, is given over to discarded race cards and abandoned bookies' tickets, blowing in the wind.

And then comes the time for walking through the fair, rolling innumerable unsuccessful pennies, winning coconuts and admiring the bearded lady, all the time with that comforting bulge in one's inside coat pocket.

Who will win today? However much Epsom may epitomize England, the Derby itself has tended to be dominated by France and Ireland since the war, and I believe, without showing much originality thereby, that it will be the same story today. In seeking the Derby winner, I look for three attributes: breeding, proven ability to stay, and an even temperament.

The French colt, Angers—favourite at the moment of writing—has the first two, but not the third. *If* he can act at Epsom, he will almost certainly win; but he runs blinkered, he hangs to the left, and he may very well lose his race before the "off" in the electrical atmosphere and tensions. Alcaeus (by Alycidon) and Tulyartos (by Tulyar) are the Irish pair for me. If they finish in that order, with Angers third, my cup will be full. With champagne, I mean.

June's for eating out all over

The outdoor-eating habit has crossed the Channel, and it doesn't stop at restaurant forecourts. In and out of town, gardens, balconies and patios are being pressed into service as auxiliary dining-rooms. After all, on summer days like last year's why waste time indoors just because you're hungry? People who like the sun and fresh air as dining companions on holiday abroad find that they can enjoy the same thing back home. It's all a matter of getting organized. You may need extra gadgets, new recipes, or special tableware. Anyway, they're all here and on the following pages in a complete schedule for outdoor eating at breakfast, luncheon and dinnertime. Devised & presented by Ilse Gray & Minette Shepard, with photographs by Priscilla Conran and menus by Helen Burke

BREAKFAST ON THE BALCONY

A WEEKEND BREAKFAST ON THE BALCONY OR terrace—especially one that's meant to tide you over lunch as well—should be a luxurious and leisurely affair but the only way of making it so is to have everything ready before you start. A spirit heater for coffee and hot dishes, for example, and an electric waffle iron or toaster on the table will save all those frenzied dashes to and from the kitchen. Cold things like fruit juices, butter and melons should be kept in the refrigerator until the last possible minute. The menu can be as simple or as ambitious as you please.

MENU

Fruit or Tomato Juice
Melon
Scrambled Eggs Thérèse
Waffles & Maple Syrup
Croissants with Butter & Marmalade
Coffee

The one here is for healthy appetites or for people who mean to skip lunch. Mr. Neil Christopherson, who lives in Holland Park, often breakfasts on his balcony (opposite) and likes to invite friends, too. Final breakfast tip: For that fresh-from-the-bakery crispness, pass rolls quickly under running water and heat in the oven.

Eggs are obviously the stand-by for any kind of breakfast but for a Brunch-type meal like this one the main dish, **Scrambled Eggs Thérèse**, is a rather special item. For 4 to 6 persons you need 8 to 10 eggs, 2 to 3 oz. butter, two to three 2-oz. packets of peeled cooked prawns, a little double cream, 30 small green asparagus tips (fresh or canned), salt, paprika and (except for purists) pepper. Beat eggs to blend. Season. Place prawns in small pan with enough double cream to moisten them. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika. Slowly warm them through. Add a walnut of butter to the drained cooked or canned asparagus tips and keep them hot. Melt 1 oz. or so of butter in the saucepan and add the beaten eggs. Stir over a low heat until they thicken to a good cream. Stir in a further $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter cut in small pieces. Turn the eggs into a heated fairly shallow serving dish, arrange the prawns in the centre of the eggs and garnish with the groups of asparagus tips. Another attractive egg dish is **Eggs Benedict**. For these, toast split round baps and place on each half a thin slice of ham cooked in butter, top with a poached egg and coat with *Hollandaise* sauce. A more elaborate breakfast could involve **Kedgerie** made with smoked haddock, hard-boiled eggs, Patna rice, butter and cream, or **Haddock Monte Carlo**—a Prunier speciality coated with *Bechamel* sauce and topped with a poached egg on mounds of tomato purée.

Adjustable garden umbrella: £10 12s. 6d. (base 38s. 6d. extra), white painted ironwork table: £28. white ironwork chairs: £18 5s. 6d. with arms, £6 19s. 6d. without; all from Harrods. Round orange repp cushion with white piping: 14s. 11d., from Peter Jones; square orange repp cushion: 30s., checked cushion in pale green, pink and white: 35s., both from Liberty's. On the parapet, from left: Square yellow self-striped cushion: 35s. 6d., natural bamboo lacquered tray: 29s., both from Liberty's. Yellow Arabia ware coffee pot: 14s. 3d., milk jug: 6s. 6d., cup and saucer: 5s. 6d., wooden bread board (with melon): 35s., all from Woollands. Italian white plaited, flower-entwined china fruit bowl: 3 gns. at the General Trading Company. On the table: Natural linen mats with fringed edges: 4s. 9d., salmon pink linen napkins 3s. 9d. each, cane bread tray: 12s. 6d., all from Liberty's. Mustard yellow fireproof dish with wicker handle: 17s. 6d., stainless steel stand with spirit flame: £3 11s. 3d.; plates in three sizes: 4s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 4s., butter dish (with lid, not shown): 7s. 9d., covered marmalade or jam dish with wicker handle: 18s. 6d., all in yellow Arabia ware from Woollands. Stainless steel cutlery by Eton: 51s. per 3-piece set, also from Woollands; glasses: 4s. 9d. each from Finnish Designs; waffle iron £5 12s. 6d., maple syrup from Fortnum & Mason.





June's for eating out all over CONTINUED



A BARBECUE SUPPER PARTY

On the table: Length of blue and green striped cotton, 48 in. wide: 24s. 6d. per yd.; fringed cotton napkins: 4s. 6d. each; white bowl: 7s. 9d.; Orrefors glass jug: 54s. 6d.; glass-scented candleholders: 9s. 6d. each; Danish stainless steel salad bowl: 10s.; stainless steel salt and pepper pots: 52s. 6d. the set; tall wooden pepper mill: 78s. 6d.; deep white Arabia ware square dish: 15s. 6d., and flat oblong dish: 11s. 3d.; Danasco flameshale oblong tray: 4s. 6d.; salad servers with rosewood handles: 68s.; all from Woolland's. White plates with blue edges by Danasco, from Heals. Smoky grey tumblers with natural straw bases: 8s. 11d. each from Peter Jones. Whangee cane handled stainless steel cutlery, wooden carving and serving boards: 22s. 6d. each; gallon bottle of red Chianti: 65s.; all from Robert Jackson, Piccadilly. Cooked lobsters from Mac Fisheries; meat from Slater & Cook, Brewer Street; cheeses and Kebab skewers from Fortnum & Mason. Metal-framed and canvas chairs by Terence Conran. Portable Whitney barbecue on wheels with detachable spit: £13 5s. (automatic motor for spit, 95s. extra); cane-handled barbecue tools: £1 17s. 6d.; both from Harrods. Brass paraffin lamps: £3 5s. large size, £2 15s. small, from Capt. O. M. Watts. White fireproof pie dishes: 7s. 3d. and 6s.; copper coffee-maker: 90s.; Danasco coffee cups & saucers: 26s. 6d. each; all from Woolland's.

THE BARBECUE HABIT IS CATCHING ON FAST and quite a few people have had permanent barbecue pits built in their gardens. But for the occasional barbecue or beach party the answer is a portable stand that will dismantle and fold away. Again the secret of success is preparation and you'll need a large trestle table, too, so that guests can help themselves buffet-style. With a little effort you'll achieve the mouth-watering results photographed (opposite) in Mrs. Irma Krott's garden in Church Row, Hampstead.

MENU

Split Lobster and Mayonnaise

Barbecued T-bone Steak

Tomato, Rice and Mixed Salad

Shashlik, Sausage & Chicken on the spit

Gooseberry Tart with Cream

Cheese & Fruit

Coffee

Chianti

Lobsters make a good start—it's quite safe to buy them cooked from good fishmongers. You can make your own mayonnaise or buy an excellent lemon one. All meats are improved if rested for a short time in a

Marinade. Mix together a small spoonful of French mustard, 1 clove of garlic (optional) and $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon freshly milled pepper. Blend in up to $\frac{1}{2}$ pint olive oil and gradually thin down with 4 to 5 tablespoons of wine vinegar. Beat well. Place meat in shallow dish and pour marinade over it. Leave for at least 2 hours, occasionally basting. For a good **Barbecue basting sauce** shake well together $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle chilli sauce, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon tabasco, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint olive or other vegetable oil, juice of 1 lemon, 1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar, tablespoon brown sugar, 1 powdered bay leaf, juice of 1 clove garlic, 1 teaspoon mustard and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. Pour sauce into a basin and brush meat with it before and during cooking. T-bone (or sirloin) steak looks and tastes wonderful, but it must be carved. **Shashlik**—or **Kebab**—is usually made with lamb, but tender fillet beef or veal will do as well. Cut meat into 1 to 1½ in. squares. Place in a basin and marinade. Have ready slices of green or red sweet peppers, round slices of onion, small whole tomatoes and pieces of streaky bacon. Starting and finishing with a whole tomato, thread alternately on long metal skewers and brush well with the basting sauce. For a deep **Gooseberry Tart** you'll need 8 oz. flour, 5 oz. lard and butter (mixed), and 2 lbs. of gooseberries. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ pint water. Criss-cross the pastry with a sharp knife before baking for 40 minutes at 400 deg. F. or gas mark 6.



June's for eating out all over CONTINUED

On carriage: Champagne from Fortnum & Mason. Thermos jars: 27s. 1d. (2 pints), £4 14s. 8d. (3½ pints); olive green straw hat: £1 19s. 6d.; pale grey topper: £4 15s. 6d.; all from Harrods. Rexine-covered drinks case: £8 14s. 3d. by Coracle from the Army & Navy Stores. On ground, from left: Folding three-legged stool with leather seat: £3 15s., from Swaine, Adeney & Brigg, Piccadilly. Wicker tray from Rexine-covered picnic trunk for four (not shown): £18, wicker picnic basket for six: £23 15s. 9d., both by Coracle from the Army & Navy Stores. Square green Thermos container with three canisters and wooden handle: £6 5s. 10d., canisters 21s. 4d. each extra, from Harrods. Wooden salad bowl by Danasco: £7 10s., from Liberty's. Wooden scissors servers: about 15s., from Cadec, Greek Street. Danasco flame-stone sugar and cream bowls with lids: 58s. 3d. a set at Woolland's. Two sets of six plated beakers in pigskin case: £6 2s. 6d., or nested (on step) £12 10s., both from Swaine, Adeney & Brigg

A PICNIC AT LORD'S

Traditionally you drink champagne at the Eton & Harrow match. So who wants to eat sandwiches? Who wants to eat sandwiches at a picnic anyway now that the large variety of fitted hampers and vacuum flasks available makes it so easy to lay on a first-class lunch. It is, perhaps, more sensible to take cold food than hot, so make sure it is really cold by chilling it in the refrigerator before packing. Most food will pack into vacuum flasks or you can keep it cool in plastic containers with the help of a tin of Handy Ice (5s. from Harrods). This should be allowed to freeze in the

MENU

Chilled Crème Vichyssoise
Three-meat Loaf and Cold Roast Chicken
Mixed & Potato Salad
Baps and French Bread
Strawberries and Cream
Iced Coffee

refrigerator overnight and put into the container when packing the food. The yellow and black coach in the picture is a private drag belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Sanders Watney of Mortlake.

Delicious Crème Vichyssoise is now imported here in 13-oz. tins. One tin will

serve two persons generously, so make it seven for a party of 15 or 16. Chill tins overnight, empty into chilled vacuum flasks and add a little chopped chives. To make a **Three-meat loaf** for 16 people, pass through the finest mincer 2 lb. lean beef, ½ lb. pork and ½ lb. smoked bacon or ham. Add ½ lb. fresh breadcrumbs, a good pinch of grated nutmeg, a tiny pinch of Cayenne, and pepper and salt to taste. Bind with 3 beaten eggs, pack in bowls or long rectangular moulds and steam for 3 hours. When cold, chill in refrigerator. For a refreshing **Potato salad** turn sliced hot potatoes over and over in *sauce vinaigrette* and, when cold, coat them generously with diluted mayonnaise to make a nice moist salad. Add chopped parsley. Chill, then pack in chilled vacuum jar. For the best picnic treat of all, **Strawberries and cream**, use slightly sweetened hulled strawberries. They travel well in ordinary jars and, somehow, are the better for not being chilled. For those who like them unhulled, run the berries under the cold tap, drain well and pack in ordinary jars. If you wrap the bottles of double cream in outer leaves of lettuce, then a wet linen cloth, then in a plastic bag they will arrive in excellent condition. And don't forget the caster sugar! **Iced coffee:** Never mix milk into coffee which is to travel in vacuum flasks. To keep the coffee really cold, add a few ice-lumps just before putting on the stopper.





Perugia's PALAZZO OF THE NATIONS

FROM April to December a babel of tongues resounds through the 18th-century halls of a baroque mansion in the Umbrian town of Perugia. During those months the Palazzo Gallenga is at home to the Italian University for Foreigners. Established in 1925, the university offers courses in a whole range of Italian studies, and students from any foreign country are eligible. The British contingent this year includes a girl who wants to be an air hostess, an art-teacher from Bath Academy who wants to study Italian mosaics, two of next term's Cambridge freshmen, and a writer whose family lives in Italy. The courses are arranged at preparatory, intermediate and advanced levels—which seems just as well, because all lectures are conducted in Italian, even the classes in Italian language. The courses also cover Italy's institutions, literature, art, thought, and antiquities. Some students arrive understanding no Italian, but they seem to manage. As at most universities the leisure side is attractive. Each term excursions are arranged to places of historical and artistic interest. Concerts are held in the beautiful art gallery; there are special film shows, and various private homes of interest can be visited by arrangement. All students are granted residence, travel and passport privileges, as well as free entrance to the galleries, museums, monuments and archaeological excavations of the Italian Government and to the galleries of the Vatican City.

Altogether nearly 26,000 students of 100 different nationalities have attended the university. The proportions vary considerably from year to year, but in 1959 the largest group came from the U.S.A. and runners-up were France and Switzerland. Britain comes fourth on the list. Now there is an ever-increasing number of Oriental students. In the *Circolo universitario* members of every race and creed can be found at almost any time of day, sitting drinking the inevitable cups of *cappuccino*, chatting and playing the juke-box. Many of the students in their countries are teachers and/or would-be diplomats, and a course in Italian is of practical value to them in their career. But for many more it is probably the cultural, and perhaps social, interest that draws them to Perugia. Whatever the attraction, Italy is entitled to point to Perugia as a form of counterpart—smaller but subtler—to the British Council.

DESCRIBED BY ONE OF THE STUDENTS, NICOLETTE HOPKINSON, & PHOTOGRAPHED BY GERTI DEUTSCH





Looking rather like a junior version of a clubroom at the United Nations, this is Perugia's Circolo universitario, where students can chat and drink espresso coffee

Right: The balcony of the Palazzo Gallenga, where the Italian University for Foreigners is housed, overlooks the town's Etruscan arch, which is exceptionally well preserved. The students (from left): Frank Piturro (U.S.), Elizabeth Simpson (U.K.), Fayez Ahmed Osman (Sudan), Chandra Noble (Scottish family living in Italy), and Rebecca Usher (U.K.)



Below: English-speaking students get their essays back with corrections from Professor Umberto Pittola, who teaches style and phonetics—but all in Italian

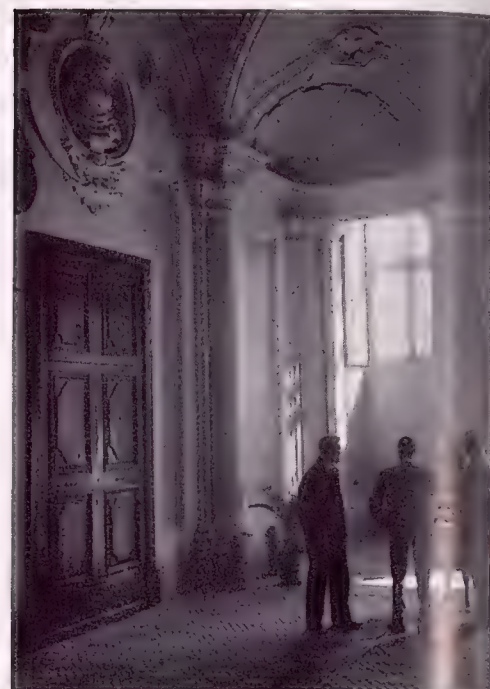


Perugia's **PALAZZO
OF
THE
NATIONS**

continued



The Rector of the University, Senator Carlo Vischia, at his desk with his deputy, Professor Ottavio Prosciutti, who lectures on Dante and Italian geography



The vestibule of the Palazzo, with its typical 18th-century plaster work (by Pietro Carattoli)

Students are sometimes invited to private homes, and here the Marquese Ugoccione Ranièri di Sorbello, his wife (with teapot), and his young son Ruggero, are entertaining. The guests (from right): Nicolette Hopkinson, David Missen, Dieter Kristl (Germany), Rita Bonello (Thailand), Suzi Pleyte (Holland—seated), and David Lloyd





Lunch on her back at her digs gives
Nicola Hopkins a fine view and a
chance to catch up on homework



In the elegant waiting-room students
and professors chat between classes—
eight people, five nationalities

Sightseeing is an inevitable Sunday diversion, and there are sometimes organized outings. This one was to Todi, a small
medieval town a coach ride away. A professor went along to point out the artistic highlights, but there comes a time on
every excursion when the most appealing thing about even an historic flight of steps is that you can sit down on them





Hybrid bearded iris



Iris, White City

Walpole House in Chiswick Mall has several niches in history. Thackeray went there when it was a boys' school and made it the setting for Miss Pinkerton's Academy. Today its claim to fame is the beautiful garden, planted from 1926 onwards by the late Mrs. Robert Benson, and now the hobby of her grandson. The collection of irises is one of the most outstanding in the country. On Saturday, 4 June, the garden will be open to the public, providing an annual opportunity to admire its fine blooms and ample foliage

A GARDEN BY THE THAMES



Mallard from the Thames visit the ornamental lily pond. The house's 16th-century chimneys are just visible



White t peony, Shuskan



Double red peony



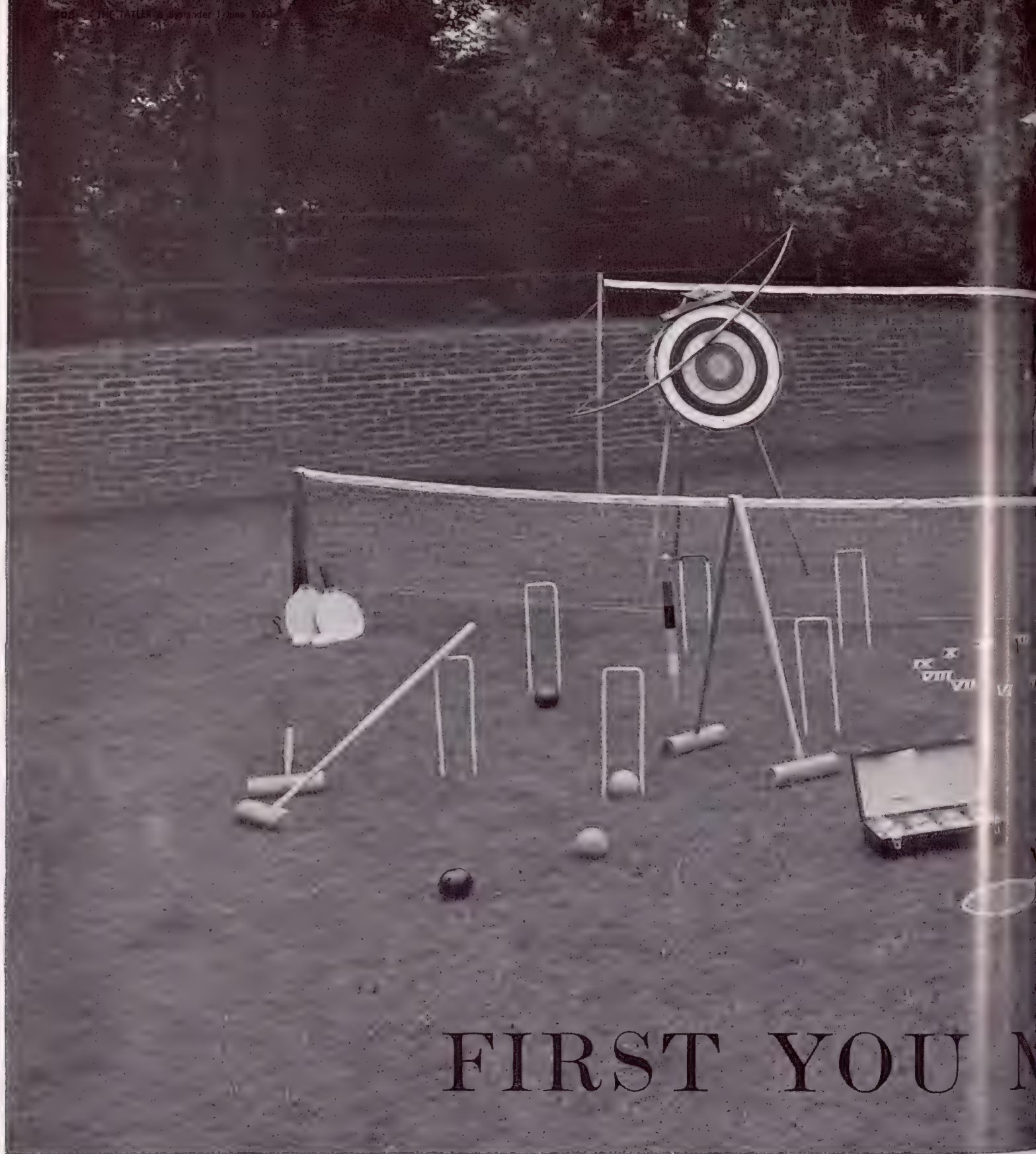
Allium Karataviense

Left: Magnolia denudata (against wall at right), azaleas (in bed below magnolia), roses in foreground—among others

Guy (five) and Martin (three), sons of Mr. & Mrs. J. H. Benson, who now own Walpole House, play in the sandpit unimpressed by the Eucalyptus Gigantica tree behind. Mr. Benson, an architect, has his office in the house



White lilac, yellow irises, and grey Scotch thistle. The height of the trees and shrubs gives the garden an extra dimension. On this ground there used to be factory sheds where the first Thornycroft motor-buses were built. Also, Boadicea's statue was stored under a tarpaulin before erection on Westminster Bridge, because nobody would pay the foundry

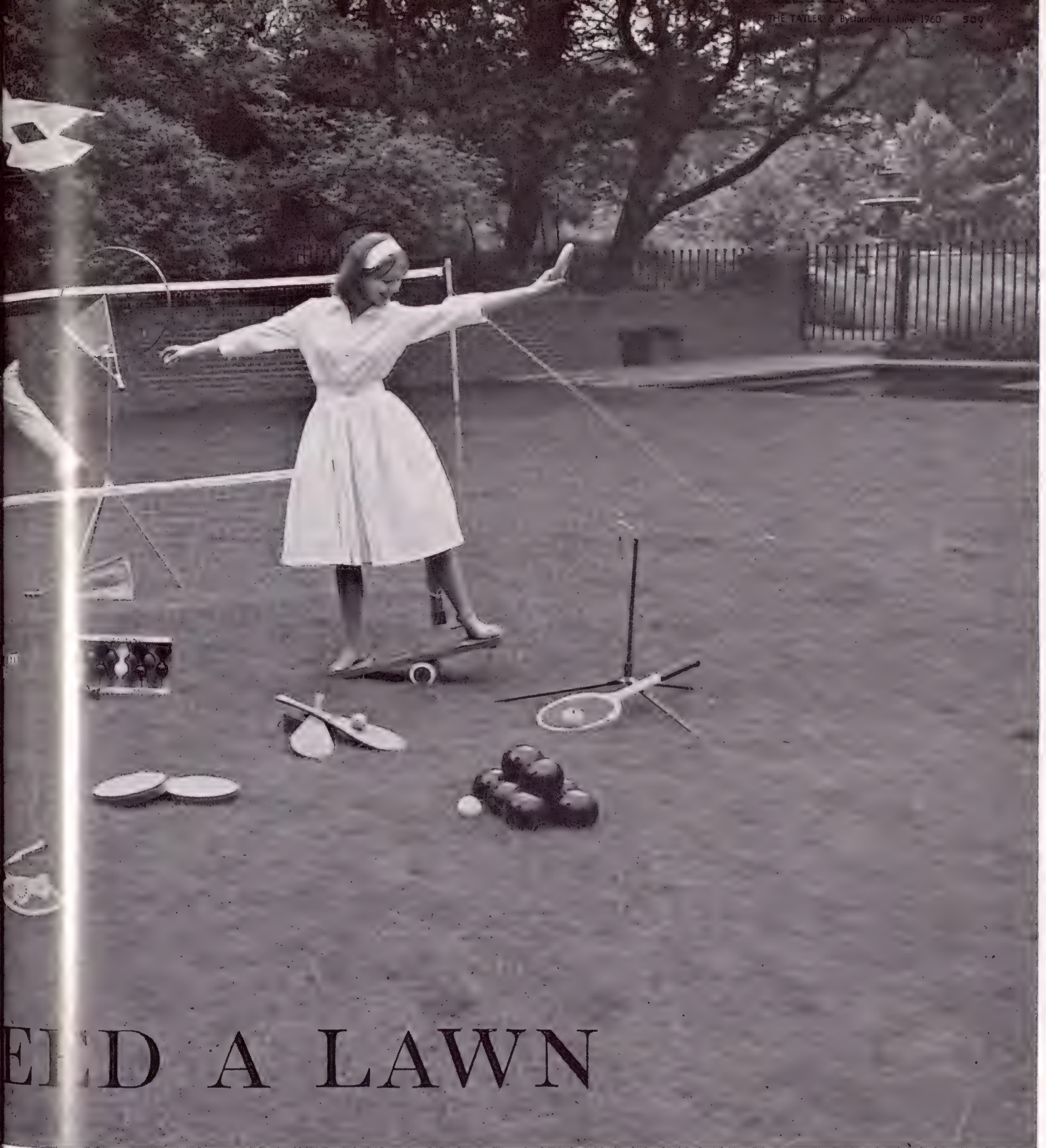


FIRST YOU N

IN keeping with the big move outdoors, the lawn is coming back into its own and so are the games that are played on it. Croquet, for instance, used to be for the rather old or the very young. Now it's all right for the in-betweens. Archery, too, used to be thought of as bows-and-arrows for the kids, but since Richard Greene took to riding through the glen, the longbow has taken to turning up in the garden, complete with tripoded target—and it isn't the "young viewer" who sends the arrow winging on its way. Of course a town

garden can be rather restricting for some games and anyway not everybody wants the lawn permanently marked out for tennis. But you can still get the same exercise with a tennis trainer, a form of Jokari with the ball on elastic tethered to a tripod. Jokari itself uses long wooden bats and a small rubber ball tethered to a block of wood—but it's just as exhausting. Another tennis variant is Padder Tennis, which uses a smaller net than Wimbledon and wooden rackets like enlarged ping-pong bats. But it takes up less room

and you don't have to be so good at it as you would at the club. Still on the over-the-net jag there is Badminton and Ring Tennis, and the same to-and-fro idea (but without a net) is involved in Tambo, an Italian beach game in which you bat a little ball at each other with a bell-less tambourine. New this year is Flippo, using canvas rackets to flip a light plastic ball through a hoop on a sort of bird-cage stand. For a more sedate workout there is always bowls, and this, too, has variations. In Petanque you hurl the bowls



Lewis Morley

KEEP A LAWN

(if you can lift them—they're solid brass), instead of rolling. Less demanding is Bowls-Darts—the darts are made of plastic and you spear them into the ground according to bowls rules. Should aerate the lawn anyway. Clock golf has the advantage that any number of people can play; and it can always be camouflaged as putting practice. The unfair side of it is that only the hosts know just where the bumps and dips in the grass are. But for really scoring off guests there's nothing like Log-Rol—without regular prac-

tice nobody can put up a show at it and only the home side gets the chance. It's fun for the onlookers and as it's supposed to be slimming it should be worth it to certain log-rollers, too.

ILSE GRAY

BADMINTON: two rackets, net, three shuttlecocks & airstream ball, £4 15s.; RING TENNIS: rubber ring, net, £2 12s.; HAWK KITE: 30s. 6d.; all from Army & Navy Stores. ARCHERY SET: bow £2 14s., quiver 23s. 4d., target £2 15s., stand £2 5s., eight arrows 32s., tab 3s. 2d., from Lillywhites. FLIPPO: collapsible wooden stand, red plastic hoop, two green canvas bats, ball, £2 5s., from Harrods. PADDLE

TENNIS: four bats, net, three tennis balls, £9 19s. 6d., from Lillywhites. CROQUET SET: for four £13 9s. 6d. from Gordon Lowe. CLOCK GOLF SET, 19s. 6d., putters from £3; BOWLS-DARTS: four black, four red, one white, 32s. 6d., from Lillywhites. LOG-ROL, 39s. 6d.; PETANQUE: eight brass bowls, three wooden jacks; in wooden case, £10 10s.; TAMBO: two tambourines, two balls, 39s. 6d., all from Harrods. JOKARI: two bats, wood block, rubber ball on elastic, white tape, 29s.; BOWLS: eight black bowls, one white jack, £9 10s. 6d.; both from Lillywhites. TENNIS TRAINER: adjustable green metal tripod, ball on elastic, £2 19s. 6d., racquet, £5 10s., from Gordon Lowe.



Priscilla Conran

GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

The mists of summer

THE scents that season the summer are the lightweights—light enough to be sprayed on, lasting enough to ensure a clinging flavour to hair and skin. The best are those that come midway between a toilet water and scent-proper and the newest is Elizabeth Arden's crisply fragrant *Blue Grass*, due to appear in July in *Perfume Mist* form. This is a stronger version of *Flower Mist* but lighter than the perfume. It comes in a shower-cool blue pressure spray bottle and

costs 42s. for a generous supply. Coty's *Muguet des Bois* has recently reached the counters in a tall narrow aerosol flask. Its evocative fragrance remembers bunches of flowers and the price, 32s. 6d., buys enough to last a summertime. Floating in here in a fairy-tale setting are Hermès *Eau de Cologne d'Hermès* poured into a tall, stinging-green bottle—16 ounces of lemony fragrance for £6 4s. Dior's *Diorissimo* eau de toilette is as good a tonic as a summer

bouquet—the magnum size above costs £13 17s. 6d.: to order from Harrods. Then comes the sharp *Green Water* by Fath—cool as its name and loved by French women. It has an astringent action on summer skins and a tangy flavour: 2 ozs. for a guinea. Elizabeth Arden's *Blue Grass Perfume Mist* costs 42s. for the pretty blue bottle above. Harriet Hubbard Ayer's *Ayeristocrat* is as elegant as its name with a light, dry cast, the measure above costs £1 6s.



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BEFORE THIS YEAR'S TOURIST TRAFFIC MOVES INTO HIGH gear, my advice to all concerned in the travel trade is to take a close look at whatever is being done or devised by James Hope-Jamieson, of the *All Ways Always* Agency, who once read a speech by some generalissimo of the Come to Britain movement calling for "more imaginative vision in our propaganda." He has been acting on it ever since.

"Beefeaters and gaffers and Stratford-on-Avon are all very jolly well," he said to me some months ago, "but aren't there certain things Americans like which we lack?"

"Ice-water?" I hazarded. "Enough hotel bedrooms so that people can have one each? All-night cinemas with liquor licences? Baseball?"

Hope-Jamieson shrugged those off. "They can get along without them," he said. "Anyway there's no way of laying them on. Infringement of the Catering Act, for a start."

"So?"

"Mystery," said Hope-Jamieson, putting his feet up on the desk. "Mystery and terror—a sense of lurking danger."

It seemed that H-J, as he is known in the business, had for some time been brooding on the fact that the amount of mystery and terror and sense of lurking danger available to the tourist has contracted sharply in recent years.

Russia, he pointed out, used to provide them lavishly. But now bus-loads of trippers go rolling round Petrosverdlovsk and points east, taking pictures and chatting with the friendly natives. There's no more mystery to it than a trip round Lake Michigan. Or take the mysterious Sahara—apart from the half you can't visit on account of the H-bomb. The rest is full of Texan oilmen with brief cases and hot-dogs looking for concessions. China might offer something, but you can't get into it without a lot of bother.

"This is Britain's opportunity," said H-J. "We need to make every American feel that if he's been to Britain he's *done* something—something he might write a book about, or a couple of articles for the *Rocky Mountain Gazette*."

The idea had apparently jelled in H-J's capacious mind one day last year while conducting a small party of Americans to view the Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace. It was during the heatwave and the mood of his little party ranged from listless to peevish.

"Just why," a sullen girl from Wisconsin asked him, "do they have to keep changing the guard, day after day?"

"Because," said H-J, without more than a split-second's hesitation, and lowering his voice to a vibrant whisper, "the Army is seething with disaffection. The Men in Whitehall," he looked furtively in the direction of the War Office, "dare not let any given platoon remain in the capital for more than a few hours for fear of the men falling under the influence of some general bent on a *coup d'état*."

"You mean your generals are in this thing?" hoarsely inquired a Kansas City building contractor.

"They'," H-J whispered back, with another sneaky look towards Whitehall, "have been devilish cunning. They set a lot of the most dangerous ones to writing their memoirs—kept them busy and contented. Fleshpots, you know. But there are a whole lot of others that didn't get the publishers they considered themselves entitled to. They're bitter—just biding their time. That's why by this afternoon those men you see going off guard duty will be on their way to some isolated camp on the Yorkshire tundra."

Within a few minutes, all heat-fatigue forgotten, his charges were chattering excitedly and whirring their cameras.

"Bloodthirsty looking lot," said the man from Kansas happily. And a man from Long Island City, who had listened to H-J with avid attention, said to his wife,

"D'jever realize if those fellows got loose, pretty soon there wouldn't be a virgin or a pound note from one end of London to the other?" His wife and the girl from Wisconsin shuddered happily.

H-J is a man who prefers taking money to spending it, and whenever possible likes to take his clients about on buses rather than provide a special coach. Formerly this sometimes provoked complaints from his paid-up customers, but after he started selling them mystery, terror and a lurking sense of danger, he had no further trouble.

Once, when he and a party of six tourists had been sitting on the top of a bus, motionless in a traffic jam, for upwards of 20 minutes, and the tourists were becoming restive, he suddenly stood up and shouted, "Down with the oppressors! Send Macmillan to the salt mines!"

Of the seven English passengers on the bus-top, four continued reading the sports pages of their evening newspapers, two looked round, gaped slightly, then went on gaping straight ahead of them. The seventh, a child, sucking an enormous lollypop on the end of a stick, had a fit of the giggles. The conductor, a Jamaican, came a little way up the stairs, looked briefly round and went down again.

"In New York," said one of the tourists, "there'd be quite some excitement if a person yelled like that on a bus. These people seem pretty apathetic."

"Not apathetic—cowed," said H-J. "They're afraid to betray sympathy by word or gesture, well knowing that the agents of the dreaded LPTB are on the watch for any sign of disaffection. That man in the distinctive uniform is one of a special corps recruited in the West Indies. They daren't trust employing whites for fear of fraternization."

At the end of a two-hour trip, which covered about three miles and cost H-J less than five shillings, the members of his party were unanimous in declaring it the most thrilling and revealing experience of their lives. They sat in their hotel snooting other tourists innocent enough to say they had always thought the LPTB "harmless enough."

"How naïve can you get?" as one of his clients remarked.

Bone-lazy, and a Londoner, H-J does not much care for conducting parties outside the metropolis. Sometimes they clamoured for him to get rail tickets farther afield. Last year he found a way to silence all query.

"Certainly," he told them, "I'll take you to Edinburgh if you like. *I'm* not afraid of British Railways. I've outwitted them before. But I *would* just advise you to notify your embassy exactly when you're leaving and where for. Just in case, you know."

"In case of what?" the customers asked.

"It is by no means unknown in this country," H-J said solemnly, "for people presumably judged 'undesirable' by the régime, to be packed into trains like cattle, taken half-way to their destination and then turned out somewhere on the steppes to 'wait for another train' as the cynical official phrase puts it. In some cases hunger, dirt and the long, hopeless hours with the train stationary on the outskirts of some grim township while the dreaded BR guards search the line for bombs, and the houses overlooking the route for ill-disposed elements, are judged enough to break the nerve of all but the most stalwart."

After that, his clients were only too happy to remain within a two mile radius of Piccadilly Circus, writing letters home about their narrow escape.

"I flatter myself," H-J observed to me with satisfaction, "that this year a lot of thrill-hungry people who would otherwise have headed for Macao or the upper Amazon will be coming to perilous old London."

Don't
just be
polite
to the
tourist—
thrill
him

by Claud
Cockburn



There's a summer place

This summer place is Torquay where the sun, the bay and the surrounding Devon scenery make Britain's own unique blend of riviera. The exciting new clothes that David Olins photographed there would be just as right much farther afield

Morning sun over Torbay throws the shadows of pine trees aslant the lawns on the cliff edge and accentuates the cool and comfortable look of the holiday girl taking an after-breakfast stroll in a white knitted cotton jumper suit striped with navy. This is a Marcel Fenez model costing 15 gns. at Bentalls, Kingston-on-Thames. The crystal and pearl necklace is by Rosita. For a mid-morning swim (*opposite*) in the new heated pool of the Imperial Hotel, a French bikini of pink cotton edged with broderie anglaise is in keeping with the Continental atmosphere of sun-bathing terraces cut into the sheltering red Devon rock of the clifftop overlooking Torbay. Imported by Jaeger of Regent Street and on sale at most of their other branches, the bikini and its matching shirt together cost 10½ gns.





Adventurers can go shark fishing—a day at sea costs

There's a summer place CONTINUED

£10 in a charter launch. For

landlubbers the smooth, wide

stretch of Goodrington Sands (*below*) provides a suntrap—

there's good swimming there, too

Mid-morning start for a shark fishing trip and the rig of the day is a seamanlike sweater intricately knitted in a navy blue and white design and worn with navy corded slacks. Both are obtainable from Jaeger, 100 Regent Street, W.1. The sweater and the slacks each cost £5 15s. 6d.

Midday sun is a safe bet in this cotton playsuit woven with multi-coloured ray stripes and worn over its own pair of brief white pants. Away from the beach or for shopping in town all you need do is to slip

the matching full-skirted shirt-waister dress over the playsuit. By Horrockses at Dickens & Jones, W.1; Belmont, Swansea; R. W. Weekes, Tunbridge Wells. The price for both the dress and the playsuit is 9 gns.



In the summer place it's go-as-you-please with
time on your side and clothes to
wear for every gay occasion

There's a summer place CONTINUED

—playing tennis, lounging on a sun terrace or

sundowning at the Yacht Club

Afternoon tennis on the hard courts at Torquay's Imperial Hotel is the moment for man-made fibres, easily washed and quickly dried. This up-to-the-moment Terylene dress is permanently pleated and worn over a frilled white broderie anglaise slip. The heavy-knit jacket of pale blue Courtelle has miraculous drying propensities. All from Lillywhites, Piccadilly Circus, the dress: £5 19s. 6d., slip: £1 8s. 6d., jacket: £6 19s. 6d.



Teatime on the terrace in a sleeveless white knitted cotton jumper suit a long over-the-hips jacket casually belted. Worn over it is a tailored of heavy ice-blue wool jersey. Both are by Rima Casuals. The suit Simpsons, Piccadilly; Lindsay, Halifax; McDonalds, Glasgow; p 14 gns. The coat costs 33 gns. at Simpsons; Samuels, Manchester; Flor Wood, Leeds. The white bead necklace and the earrings are by R



e-day st... in the hotel grounds overlooking a Riviera-like background
 palm tre... and yachts moored in the harbour. The white linen-weave
 who dres... with a cummerbund inset of olive has three special attractions
 a holid... —it is inexpensive, packs easily and looks right in the sun.
 costs £5... 0s. 6d. at Robinson & Cleaver, W.1; Marshall & Snelgrove,
 nchester... Renée Shaw, Sutton. White bead bracelet by Rosita



Evening drinks in the Imperial's new Swimming Pool bar and a quick change from a chunky sweater to the après-sailing Yacht Club rig of a fine white lawn shirt embroidered with navy blue motifs and teamed here with light-weight navy slacks. Both are from Jaeger's Boutique at their Regent Street branch. The shirt with scalloped cuffs: 15½ gns., the slacks: 10½ gns.

The night and the music demand a change of

pace and a dancing mood that you can

There's a summer place CONCLUDED

capture with a simple

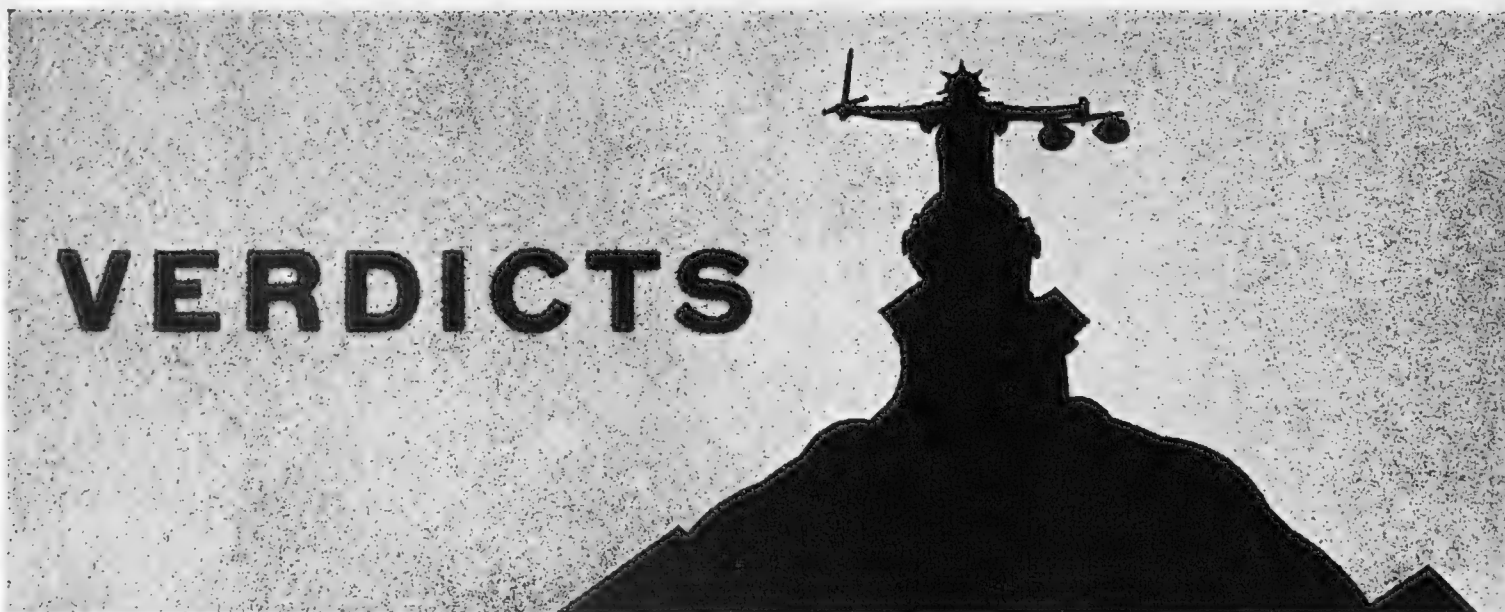
change of dress that puts

a new glamour into the summer place

Twilight landscape for a summer ball dress of striped black and white cotton worn over enormous underskirts. The white piqué cape collar removes to show a strapless bodice and a broad belt of black patent slotted with a crimson rose encircles the waist. By Bellville et Cie, 14 Motcomb Street, price: 42 gns., made only to measure. *Opposite:* A pleated white silk jersey short evening dress with a wide decollété neckline. A Rima model at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, price 48½ gns. Worn with it is a diamanté bracelet by Rosita







The play **Twelfth Night.** Stratford-on-Avon. (Eric Porter, Dorothy Tutin, Patrick Wymark, Max Adrian.)

The films **Le Testament d'Orphée.** Director Jean Cocteau. (Jean Cocteau, Claudine Oger, Yul Brynner, Jean Marais, Maria Casares, Francois Perier.)

Oscar Wilde. Director Gregory Ratoff. (Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson, Phyllis Calvert, John Neville.)

The Day They Robbed The Bank Of England. Director John Guillermin. (Aldo Ray, Peter O'Toole, Albert Sharpe, Elizabeth Sellars, Kieron Moore.)

Rififi & The Women. Director Alex Joffe. (Nadja Tiller, Robert Hossein.)

Julie The Redhead. Director Claude Boissol. (Pascale Petit, Daniel Gelin.)

Stefanie. Director Josef von Baky. (Carlos Thompson, Sabine Sinjen.)

The books **Life In The Theatre,** by Tyrone Guthrie (Hamish Hamilton, 25s.).

The Diaghilev Ballet, by Grigoriev; **Nijinsky,** by Romola Nijinsky; **Stonehenge,** by R. J. C. Atkinson (Penguin, 5s. each).

Death By Drowning, by Robin Daniel (Gollancz, 16s.).

Muscle Beach, by Ira Wallach (Gollancz, 15s.).

Man's Desiring, by Menna Gallie (Gollancz, 13s. 6d.).

The records **Sidney Bechet Memorial.**

Great Jazz Reeds.

Accent On Swing, by Bruce Turner.

London To Newport, by Johnny Dankworth.

Everybody Loves Saturday Night, by Bob Wallis.

This Is Jazz, by Ken Colyer.

The gallery **Roy de Maistre.** Whitechapel Art Gallery.



Mr. Hall makes good

WARWICKSHIRE IS WELL COVERED with white and pink hawthorns before the modern Stratford festival gets into its stride. There has been a longer delay than usual this year. The opening production by the Memorial Theatre's new director, Mr. Peter Hall, made rather a nonsense of **The Two Gentlemen of Verona**. All too humanly, Mr. Hall found the temptations of a smart revolving stage which he had recently installed quite irresistible.

The company, handicapped by some outlandish costumes and apparently without the support of any clear line of interpretation, were rather like a press of passengers hurrying to catch a moving train and occasionally failing to do so.

Early visitors, though a hardy breed, must have been a little chilled by the pained but conscientious notices the first production of the season elicited. Happily, the festival found its feet with Mr. Michael Langham's successfully bold treatment of **The Merchant of Venice**. He did not attempt to reconcile the two worlds of Belmont and Venice, but by making swift changes of scene let the fairy story of Bassanio's wooing and the sombre story of Shylock's pursuit of vengeance form the strongest possible contrast. He was much helped by Miss Dorothy Tutin's enchantingly gay Portia, who is so absurdly moving in her first love scene with Bassanio, and by a fine naturalistic Shylock. Mr. Peter Toole thus reaches a further milestone on his way to stage eminence. It is a long time since Stratford saw a more relaxed and more compelling performance of the possessive Jew.

With the third production of the festival is fairly into its stride. It is a revival of the production of

Twelfth Night which Mr. Hall did for Stratford—and incidentally for Leningrad and Moscow—two years ago. It has been re-cast and suffers from the absence of Miss Geraldine McEwan whose squeakily comic Olivia was the pivotal point of the original production. But in other ways the new performance seems richer than the old, as though Miss Lila de Nobili's autumnal scenery and her Caroline costumes had mellowed perceptibly in the interval.

Perhaps it is that Mr. Max Adrian's useful jester adds the note that was not struck so firmly before. He speaks rather than sings his two lovely lyrics with a sadness which suggests that he sees through everyone and everything, even through loveliness itself. It is a reading which perhaps rather overdoes the detached part that Shakespeare evidently meant Feste to play in his comedy of affectation, but it consorts well with the brown-leaved background and



MALVOLIO MOCKED: Eric Porter plays the foolish chamberlain in *Twelfth Night* at Stratford-on-Avon. Left: He listens to the bogus pleading of Sir Toby Belch (Patrick Wymark), Maria (Frances Cuka) and Fabian (Dinsdale Landen) as they further their plot to embarrass him. Right: He returns to Viola (Dorothy Tutin) the ring he—wrongly—thinks she gave Olivia

is itself beautifully poised and implemented by the actor.

The same reservations and the same justification can be made for the Viola of Miss Tutin. In an ideal performance of *Twelfth Night* the heroine no doubt would be the grave babe that Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson was, entering into the perfumed chamber of Olivia's sentimentality like a breath of spring air, with her grave and contemptuous rebukes of the fine lady's poses.

This is not Miss Tutin's way, cheekiness is an essential element of her gamine-like charm, and all that can be said is that, almost invariably, she makes her own way good. In this instance she miraculously contrives to combine cheekiness with sincerity, and when the sincerity is dropped momentarily, as in the rich clowning of the duel which the incorrigibly scheming Sir Toby puts on her, the cheekiness comes tellingly to her aid. Mr. Patrick Wymark's Sir Toby has now more relaxed since he played the original production. He no longer strains after the punch line. He offers us now a delightful portrait of a gentlemanly rogue, whose rogueries in the end recoil on him.

Mr. Eric Porter recognizes that Melvolio, with his posturings and remonious struttings between sentences, is often a bore. He gives a grave, quietly insolent Puritan who fully deserves what is coming to him but deals with the letter that his undoing in a businesslike way which saves our patience without oiling the joke.

Miss Barbara Barnett is a little fairly saddled with the responsibility of repeating the *tour-de-force*

Miss McEwan's comic Olivia. She does what she can, but it is not enough. Mr. Ian Richardson, on the other hand, is, one would have said, miscast as Sir Andrew, but he turns his physical disadvantage to immense use and his quecheek is memorable.



Testament of two poets

M. JEAN COCTEAU'S SECONDARY title to his strange and, it must be conceded, fascinating film, *Le Testament D'Orphée*, is "Don't Ask Me Why." (Don't ask me, either.) He is, however, prepared to give you some inkling as to *what* this work is: "It is a homage to all those who wish to remain free," he says. Free, it would appear, of the trammels of convention, morality and ethics—free, as it seems a poet must be, to pursue perfection in the art of poetry and the art of living, regardless of the consequences to himself or others.

The idea is not new. It was held by Oscar Wilde (as you will see in the film of that name)—and, if you remember, it is propounded by Mrs. Venable in *Suddenly*, *Last Summer* in explanation of her son Sebastian's approach to life. Wilde destroyed himself, Sebastian was murdered and devoured—but (how perverse Fate is!) M. Cocteau, in whom one gathers the death-wish is strong, still survives. As far as the cinema is concerned, we should be grateful—for he is a master of fantasy and a magical, sinister beauty invests all his films.

Wandering through time-space in quest of his true self, the poet (M. Cocteau) encounters, as in a dream, the characters and creatures who, presumably, are to reveal it to him and to us. Among them are Cegestes (M. Edouard Dermit), the young man returned from "that world where the living are not living and the dead are not dead" to which the poet had dispatched him—and the goddess Minerva, by whose lance the poet is slain, only to rise again. Picasso looks on—the eyeless Oedipus (M. Jean Marais) passes by.

The curious quality of reality which dreams (however mad) do possess, compellingly persists—until the poet indulges in a few frivolities: with the intrusion of "the intellectual lovers," making notes behind each other's backs as they embrace, and the monstrous machine which, fed on autographs, produces reputations, the spell is broken and we are aware of the conscious mind at work. All the same this is a unique and great piece of cinematic art.

Mr. Robert Morley has the title role in *Oscar Wilde*, and as this actor has long displayed something of that playwright's whip-lash wit, it was to be expected that he would speak the Wildean lines with consummate ease and distinction. What is, perhaps, surprising is that he should have been able to make the man so warmly human. Mr. Morley's performance—especially in the gruelling trial scenes and at the tragic end—is genuinely moving.

This version of the great Victorian scandal (another version follows any minute) makes "Bosie", Wilde's dear friend (handsome Mr. John Neville), the real villain of the piece. Lord Alfred Douglas, to give Bosie his real name, is the son of the choleric Lord Queensberry (Mr. Edward Chapman) who is so outraged by the relationship between Wilde and the young man that he

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



ROBERT MORLEY plays the hero in the first of the two current Oscar Wilde films to reach the screen. Top: His wife (Phyllis Calvert) assures him of her support. Middle: Drinking a toast with "Bosie" (John Neville). Above: "Bosie" defies the Marquess of Queensberry (Edward Chapman)

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VERDICTS *continued*

publicly denounced Wilde as "posing as a *somdomite*."

The spelling was Queensberry's own.

Bosie, who hates his father, urges Wilde to bring an action for criminal libel against Queensberry. It has disastrous results for Wilde: the defence counsel, Sir Edward Carson (superbly played by Sir Ralph Richardson) produces damning evidence of Wilde's suspect associations with a number of young men, valets, grooms, menials. Wilde realizes that Queensberry has had him watched for months—and that Bosie has known this all along. "You didn't want a friend—you wanted a weapon," he tells Bosie.

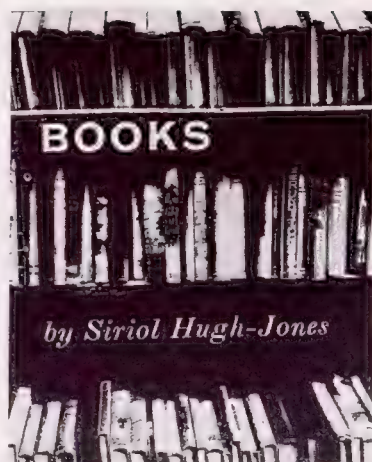
The case against Queensberry is dropped—and Wilde is brought to trial by the Director of Public Prosecutions, and condemned to two years' imprisonment. There are excellent performances from Mr. Dennis Price as Mr. Robert Ross, Mr. Alexander Knox as Sir Edward Clarke, and a beautiful and touching one from Miss Phyllis Calvert as Wilde's wife.

In *The Day They Robbed the Bank of England*, Mr. Aldo Ray is hired by a bunch of Victorian Irish patriots, to snatch a million pounds in bullion from *The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street*. A hoary scavenger (dear old Mr. Albert Sharpe) innocently points out her weakness: her vaults can be penetrated from the sewer running conveniently directly beneath. After a good deal of subterranean burrowing, the attempt is nipped in the bud by the Ouida-like Guards' officer in charge of "The Queen's Picquet" which nightly watches over "The Queen's Cashbox." This part is delightfully played by Mr. Peter O'Toole, disarmingly surprised at his own unsuspected intelligence.

It's the Banque de Belgique which is to be robbed of a hundred million francs—by the daring substitution of forged notes for real ones—in *Riffi and the Women*, a fairly sordid film about big-time gang warfare, which has none of the flair or finesse of the original *Riffi*. Mme. Françoise Rosay is the sole survivor of a swarm of male and female thugs glorying in soubriquets ranging from Berlin Vicky to The Bug.

Mlle. Pascale Petit is fetching in the title role of *Julie the Redhead*, which deals with the conflict, during two generations, between the business instinct (represented by M. Daniel Gelin) and the artistic temperament. Mildly amusing.

Stefanie is a teenage German girl (Fraulein Sabine Sinjen) who falls madly in love with a *much* older, handsome South American (Mr. Carlos Thompson). Despite her brothers' intervention, she gets her man. Teenagers will lap it up.



Hip, hooray for Mr. Guthrie

I HAVE A BOOK THIS WEEK WHICH causes me to whoop and exclaim and leap about in unrestrained enthusiasm. It is called *A Life in the Theatre*, it is by Tyrone Guthrie, and it is the most stimulating, wildly funny, wise, brilliant, energetic, life-enhancing and wholly sane book I have read for a long time. Its title is perfectly accurate, since Guthrie's life is the theatre, but it is also about work and life in general, and after reading it I for one felt not unlike someone in the grip of a revelation.

I defy anyone to deny that Guthrie is the greatest one-man-band of genius working in our theatre (selfishly, I wish frequently that he was working in it a little more, and less in Canada, Israel, New York, Finland and other far-flung places). If there had been nothing on the record but one production—say, the masterly, unforgettable, overwhelmingly exciting modern-dress *Hamlet* just before the war, with the young, marvellous Alec Guinness—he must have been reckoned an exceptional man indeed. What this book does is not merely record a list of his various successes and flops (some of which have been resounding) but more importantly it explains, with true humility, flashing insight, tolerance, wit, and a sort of greatness of heart, what the whole business, at its best, is about.

Guthrie is a passionate defender of the right to freedom of expression, of the value of an individual point of view. "The only art criticism which to me has any meaning," he writes in a paragraph I specially treasure, "is enshrined in the much-mocked phrase: 'I know what I like.' Even then I reserve the right to like something on Monday but not on Tuesday, to like it in sunshine but not in rain, to like it only when I have influenza, when Menuhin plays it, with trees in the background, diluted with water, in a Dublin accent, at a

military funeral." To which I only want to add one absolutely gargantuan hooray.

Superb characters flit in and out of the book at dazzling speed (the whole thing is written with the economy and pace of a vintage Guthrie production)—among whom my favourite is perhaps the bejewelled Tent Man in Stratford, Ontario, who put the lid, so to speak, on the new theatre and wore a Bridge Coat all the time. All my life I have treasured a secret dream that one day Dr. Guthrie will direct the definitive adult production of *Peter Pan*. Lo, on page 5—"It would be great to see a production of *Peter Pan* which really drove at the heart of the matter..." We know just the man for the job.

I am the slave of the author of this gorgeous and nobly humanistic book, and loudly insist it be read by everyone immediately.

Briefly... though I cannot bear to read another word about the theory and practice of the-rise-of-the-paperbacks-the-greatest-known-revolution-in-the-publishing-field, this does not stand in the way of my heartily recommending the latest adventurous batch of Penguins, including Grigoriev's enthralling memoirs of *The Diaghilev Ballet*, Romola Nijinsky's infinitely alarming and to me repellent biography of her tragic husband, *Nijinsky*, and a superb book on *Stonehenge* by R. J. C. Atkinson which had me breathless with excitement about trilithons, bluestone lintels and saresen grinders...

Death by Drowning by Robin Daniel is a thriller-type novel with a neat twist, even if you can see it a long way off, about the disappearance of nasty Claire who was bored with being married to honest John. Rather too long. *Muscle Beach*, by Ira Wallach seemed to me an extremely funny, wild, blessedly brief and disenchanted but at the same time cosily sentimental novel about witless love

among the Bodies Beautiful in California. (I don't want to harp, but this, too, reminded me of de Vries—maybe all American comedies are written in his tone of voice these days... And if the hero of *The Corn is Green* had grown a year or two older and met Lucky Jim, I wouldn't have been at all surprised if the consequence might not have been *Man's Desiring* by Menna Gallie, which is all about that Senior Common Room in the provinces—I know every coffee-cup in the place after all these years—and the lecture and the dance and the colleagues and this nice sexy Welsh lad's troubles with the repressed lady Eng. Lit. don who makes fun of hymns because she's insecure.

The jacket says the book has "that particular brand of sentimentality which even the sternest will enjoy," and I never knew till now just how I could turn out to be sterner than sternest.

Verily Anderson's *Daughters of Divinity* is a nice, light-hearted account of the author's school experiences at an establishment run by Cousin Daisy where hunting was of utmost importance, and at the end of term the girls made a terrible pageant in Greek postures at the top of a wall—"With gold band across your brows... you shall walk barefoot along the wall... dipping, lunging and stretching your way forward..." Patrice Quentin's *The Green-Eyed Monster* is all about who finished off horrid Maureen and what will poor, adoring but muddled Andrew do about it. As knowing and disabused as ever, but, I thought, not quite so silky smooth as Quentin at his best... and *Critic's London Diary* is a marvellous bran-tub for those who prefer personal, prejudiced, idiosyncratic marginalia to the great stuff of history, and find the wild and deeply endearing Mr. Kingsley Martin a man as maddening as he is hard to resist.

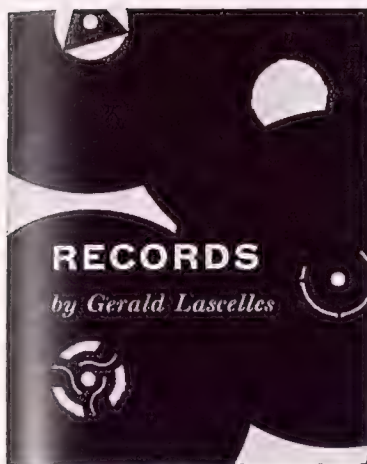


A DOLL AND TWO BEARS go adventuring on an island in Dare Wright's delightful new children's book *Holiday for Edith and the Bears* (Oldbourne, 10s. 6d.), which continues the fascinating blend of camera and commentary developed in her earlier book *The Lonely Doll*.

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VERDICTS continued from p. 524



The graduate from Chicago

MORE OF THE IMPORTANT NEW Orleans jazzmen had to wait until they were working in Chicago before they made their first recording sessions. Bechet was no exception, but he was fortunate to attract the attention of a Negro artists' manager, Clarence Williams, who recorded him in 1923-4, in company with Armstrong and another great clarinetist, Buster Bailey. This music, contained in the **Sidney Bechet memorial** (TEL5087), is strictly historical, and will appeal mainly to the ardent collector. It takes on, nevertheless, an important aspect in the display of his remarkable maturity as a soloist in those early days.

I have just been reading Sidney's autobiography, **Treat it Gentle** (Cassell, 25/-), a readable book which I enjoyed, in which he describes, sometimes not very accurately, the hazards of his life in America in those days. Referring to the time he spent with Williams he writes: "The trouble with Clarence was that he would never give any of us credit... in the end he put my name on two dates; one of them I never played on at all, and the other he put down... I played guitar!"

It happened that I was in fairly close touch with Bechet at the time he was writing his ballet (which he discusses at some length in his book) around 1951. I begged him to make sure that he had the nucleus of a proper jazz band to work in with the symphony boys when the piece was performed. It had never been done before, and the French orchestra who were to perform the work were not keen, and talked him out of it. I am sorry he could not have his way, because that very close collaboration would have been a terrific addition to the music he wrote.

What I envisaged with Sidney

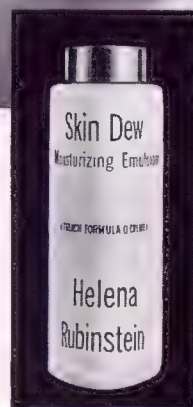
has since been done by Johnny Dankworth alongside the London Symphony Orchestra, not without success.

Bechet also opens an album of collected **Great jazz reeds** (CDN139), featuring Hawkins, Dodds, Chu Berry, Mezz Mezzrow, Bud Freeman, Jimmy Noone, and others. The pieces are interesting but not all-embracing, which again proves that no single record company (in this case RCA-Victor) can present this sort of potted history of jazz successfully, as they cannot sensibly be expected to have all the "greats" under contract.

Home-grown jazz is all the time on the up-and-up. This week I was delighted to have an album, **Accent on swing** (AJZ/4/LP), by Bruce Turner's "Jump Band"—his best yet—recorded for the International Jazz Club. The rhythm section sounds a little dry, but the front line is full of fertile imagination which can only lead to good jazz. This is mainstream jazz at its best. Then there is an unsurpassed Dankworth album, **London to Newport** (30/019), the live recording of his Newport Festival appearance at which I was present. I can only say that every note of this concert is worth preserving, for the band and the soloists put up a truly magnificent show at this, their first-ever overseas appearance.

A new name on the lists is a British traditional band, Bob Wallis' Storyville Jazzmen in **Everybody loves Saturday night** (BUY/023). Their very relaxed, free-flowing New Orleans sound pleases me more than their rivals in this field, and I predict a great future for them. Equally pleasant is Ken Colyer's **This is jazz** (33SX1220) which boasts identical instrumentation, a slightly rawer ensemble, and an infallible conviction that this is the only music that really counts.

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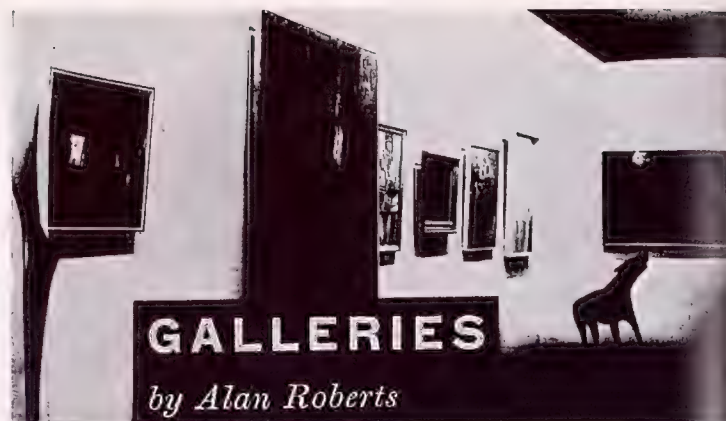
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This brush is a scalpel

ON THE EVE OF THE OPENING OF HIS big retrospective exhibition in Whitechapel, LeRoy Leveson Laurent Joseph de Maistre, who was helping to hang his 166 pictures and drawings, was introduced to me as "the most calm and least troublesome of artists."

After only a few moments conversation I sensed, as I had done years before at my first meeting with Sir Matthew Smith, a conflict between a natural warmth and friendliness and an equally natural reticence going on inside the artist. In fact, a similarity between the personalities of these two painters struck me immediately and seemed all the more remarkable because of the great gulf separating their work.

Sir Matthew revelled in the delights of earth, sky, flesh and paint itself. But when Mr. de Maistre picks up a brush he is an intellectual arming himself with the instrument of his choice to probe into his mind for ultimate truths.

It is not difficult to see why he has never become a popular artist. His pictures cannot simply be "felt"—they need understanding. It is not just that they are painted in a style which the layman might recognise as "Cubist" (but which is closer to the Vorticism of Wyndham Lewis) but that they are, with notable exceptions, so patently "think pieces," the triumph of mind over emotion.

It should not be necessary to know an artist's history to be able to appreciate his work, but with de Maistre the peculiarities of his art can certainly be better understood by reference to the peculiarities of his life.

He was born in Australia in 1894, a time when that country was even more Philistine than it is today. His family was large and well off and he had a happy childhood. He drew and painted a lot but was 19 before he became an art student. Even then his aspirations were divided between painting and music and, just when his first acquaintance with the work of the Post-Impressionists had tipped the scales in favour of painting, World War One broke out.

He joined the army in 1916 but was soon discharged when it was discovered he had TB. While convalescing he resumed his painting and evolved a method of colour therapy for shell-shock in which he used his knowledge of musical harmony to create a theory of colour harmony.

From this period, 1917-18, come the earliest works at the Whitechapel Gallery. One is an elementary abstract design, three are simple, formalized, soft-key landscapes which, mild as they seem to us today, were considered positively Bolshie by all except a small band of progressive admirers in Australia, where even Impressionism had only recently become acceptable.

The reaction these early experiments aroused was a forewarning of the hostility with which his work was received in 1926 when he returned after three years in Europe, and which made him decide in 1929 to settle permanently in Europe. Unfortunately those important formative years are almost ignored in the present show.

During the last 20 years Roy de Maistre, an active follower of the Roman Catholic faith, has increasingly devoted himself to religious pictures. And among these are to be found his *chefs d'oeuvre*.

In them is crystallized the searching and groping of the earlier years. Superficially, like the major part of his work, these Crucifixions, Pietàs and Stations of the Cross are in what Sir John Rothenstein has called the intellectual, abstract tradition derived, by way of Cubism, from Cézanne and Seurat. But in fact there is in them an emotional content, to be found nowhere else in this artist's painting, that links the best of them through Grünewald to Giotto.

In this large Pietà of 1950, with its hard, cruel line, de Maistre seems to have been at the height of his powers, direct, simple and wholly sincere. It is rather depressing, therefore, to see him, after 1950, still producing the occasional flabby, naturalistic portrait and still playing the intellectual "abstract" game.



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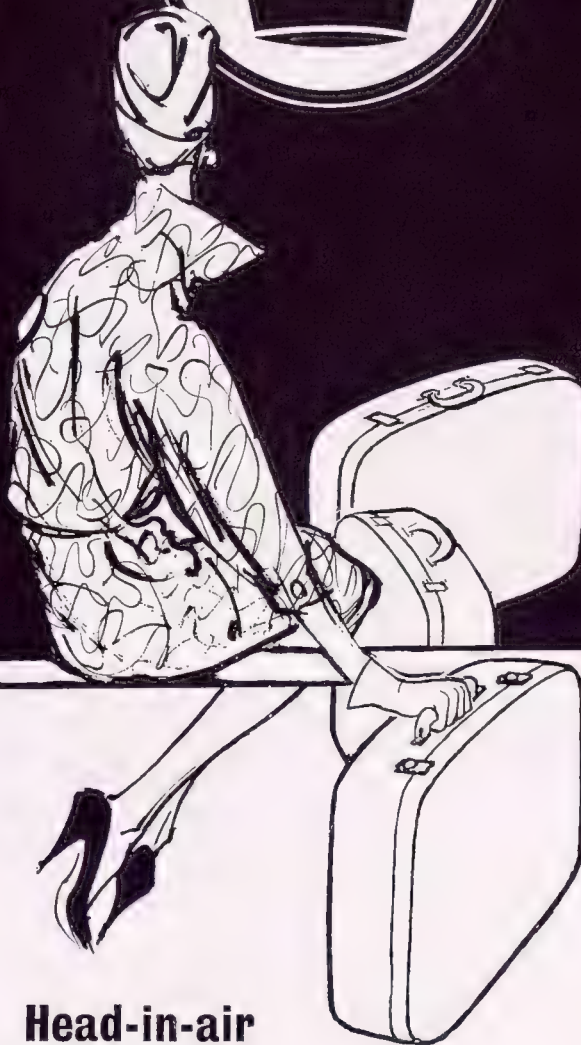
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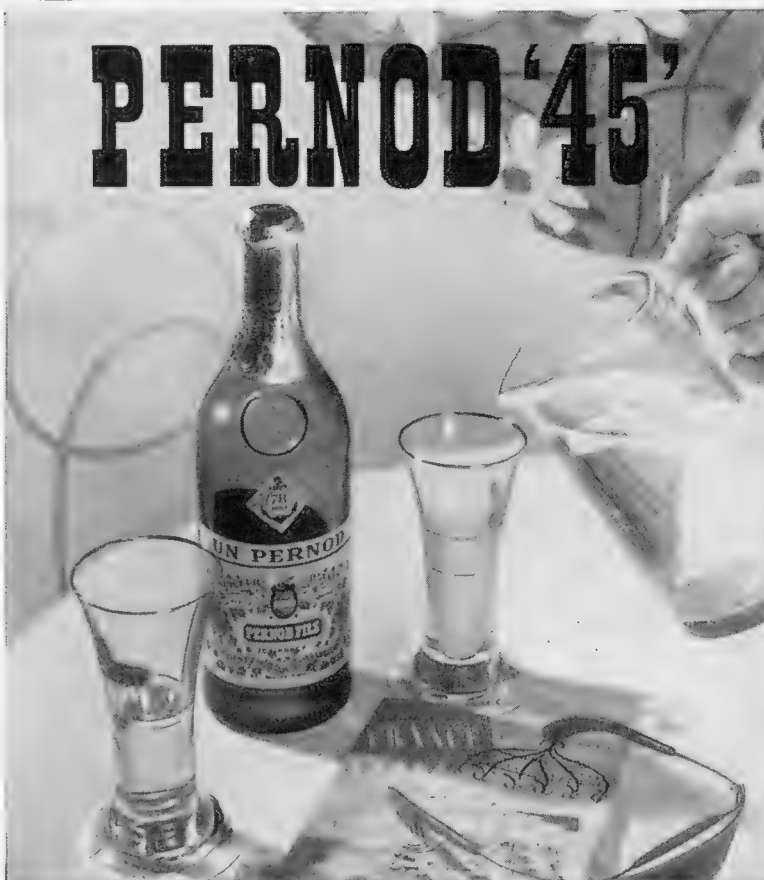
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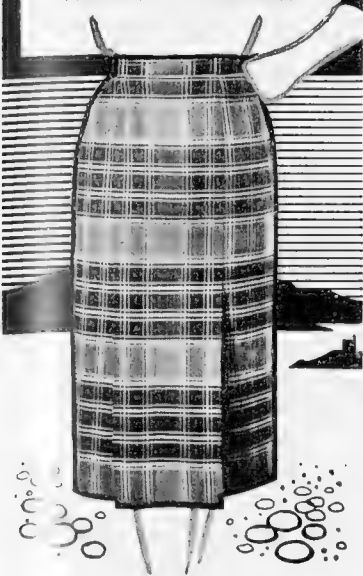
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MOTORING

A compact that clicks

by GORDON WILKINS

FEW THINGS ILLUSTRATE THE importance of correct timing better than the history of the American "compact" cars. Back in the early 1950s, Chrysler decided quite logically that American cars were getting too big, too difficult to park and too powerful. They produced a new range of sensible, if dull, cars which were compact without loss of passenger or luggage space, but within weeks they knew that they had a multi-million dollar flop on their hands. The public was convinced that 300 horsepower was better than 200 and a car longer than last year's seemed essential in the race to keep up with the Joneses.*

Even in 1955 Nash had no great success with their small Rambler, and turned to more powerful models. But by 1958 the tide was turning. In the early months of that year sales of American cars fell by a third, but European small cars were selling as fast as they came off the boats. Nash, sniffing the wind of change, revived the 1955 Rambler and found it a best seller, while Studebaker took the centre section of their existing saloon, dressed it up with shorter front and rear ends to produce the Lark and started making profits again. People were at last tiring of the long, low giants which did 10 m.p.g., cramped their passengers, and scraped their tails on the ground every time they turned into a steep driveway.

The Big Three rushed ahead with plans for their own "compacts" and the result, the Chevrolet Corvair, Ford Falcon and Chrysler Valiant, are now winning an important share of the U.S. market, not so much from the imported small cars as from the full-sized Chevrolets, Fords and Plymouths. Indeed higher-priced compacts are consequently coming through.

Chrysler, having been bitten once or twice by getting ahead of public opinion, have contented themselves by producing the biggest of the American "small" cars. I have been driving one for a couple of weeks and it has a most impressive performance, delivered with that silky smoothness and silence at which the Americans excel. It is no midget; it will seat six, has good head and leg room, and a trunk in which a

six-foot man can easily lie down.

The car I tried had the automatic transmission, and the instrument panel seemed to have as many buttons as a typewriter. The car started to creep forward as soon as the Drive button was pressed, so one must be firm with the parking brake, which is applied by the foot and released by a touch on another typewriter key.

The engine is canted over on its side, giving a very low bonnet line and a good forward view—the only disappointing feature being that the prominent corners of the car are not more visible to the driver; those at the rear are not seen at all when parking. Among the good points is the extremely light steering, even without the optional power assistance. As it takes more than five turns from lock to lock some twirling is needed in city streets, but on the open road it is excellent and the car corners fast without excessive roll or tyre squeal.

The price here is inflated by freight, import duty and purchase tax, so that it costs just over £2,232 including automatic transmission, heater, and a good radio which does not fade out when one drives under railway bridges. But in America this is quite a cheap car. Its home price is reflected in some details of finish, but interior styling is done in the confident American manner and in mechanical smoothness, silence and performance, the Valiant stands up well alongside home products costing £2,500-£3,000 or more. It rushes along at a genuine 80 m.p.h. with only a whisper of wind around the roof—the speedometer is slow, oddly enough. It will do more than 90 m.p.h. on the level and I once touched a genuine 100 m.p.h. with the aid of a favourable wind and a downslope. And it stops! The brakes are far better than one has come to expect from American cars in past years. The pedal pressure is light, the efficiency is high, and they stood up to deliberate abuse without fading.

An important technical innovation concerns the electrical system. This is the first car to have an alternator instead of a dynamo, and as long as it works the battery should never go flat. It gives a hefty charge the moment the engine fires, and while the car crawls along at a walking pace in traffic jams, it produces enough charge to supply all the car's electrical needs, including heater fan at full blast, the radio set and all the lights. For those who want the pleasures of American car ownership, and distinctive American style within practical dimensions, the Valiant has a lot to offer.

Right-hand drive cars assembled in Canada should soon be available at lower prices (because of Imperial preference) and should also show an improvement in detail finish.

*Chrysler then went in for the long, low stuff themselves, and made a killing!

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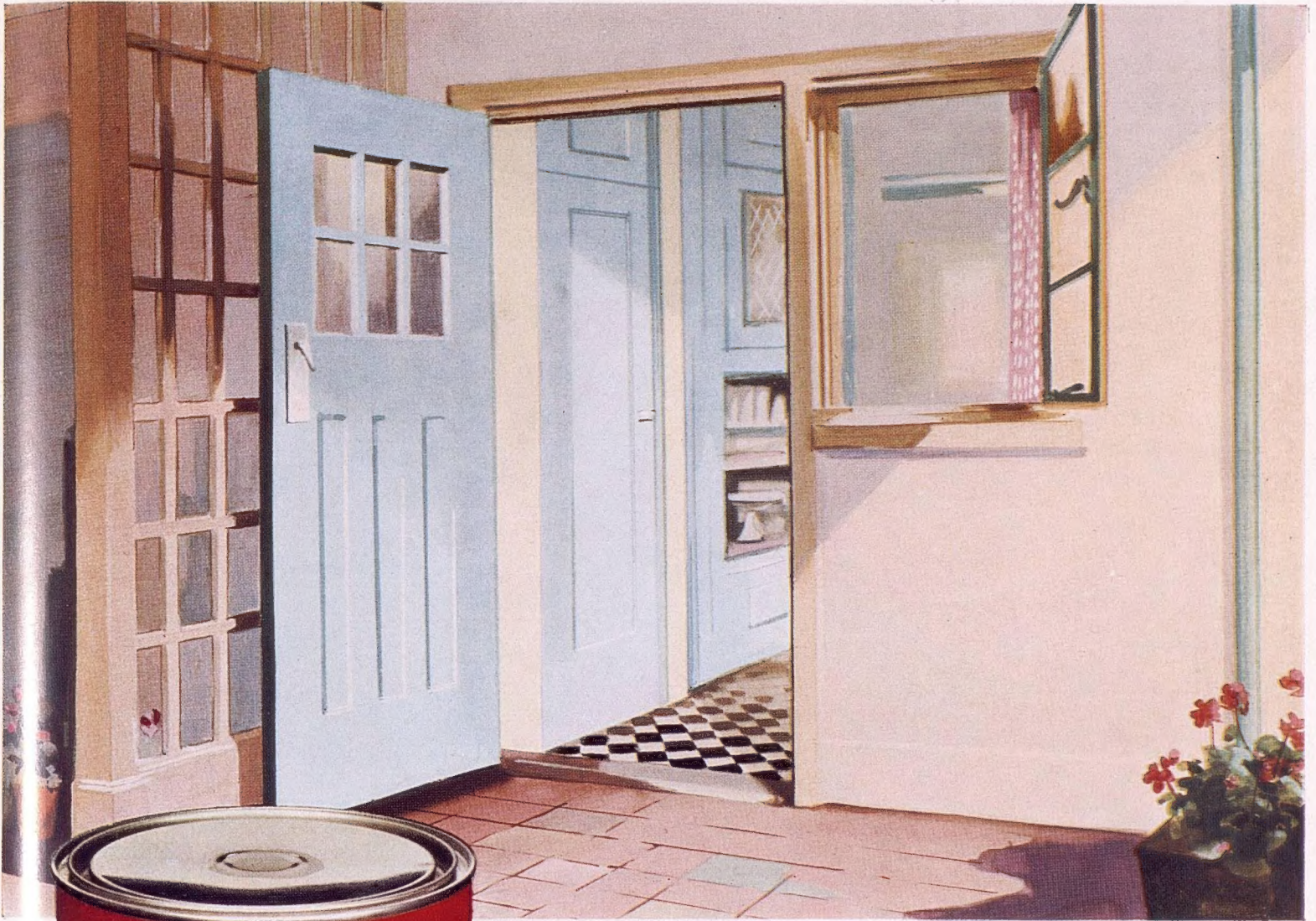
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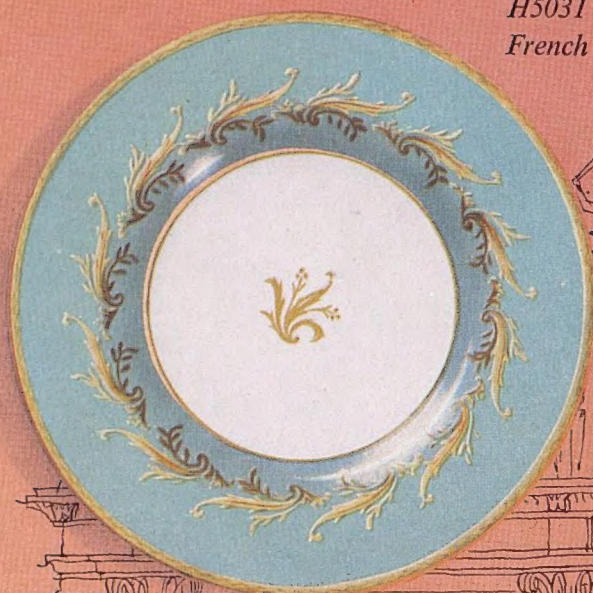


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